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**STAR OF SEVILLE.**



**THE**

**STAR OF SEVILLE**

**A DRAMA.**

**IN FIVE ACTS.**

**BY MRS. BUTLER**

**(LATE MISS KEMBLE.)**

**LONDON**

**SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.**

**1837.**



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THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
LADY DACRE,

*This Play*

IS INSCRIBED,  
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BY  
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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

ALPHONSO, *King of Spain.*

DON PEDRO DE ROELLA, }  
DON CARLOS DE VALENTAR, } *Nobles of Seville.*

DON GOMEZ, *the King's counsellor.*

DON ARIAS, *the King's cousin.*

COUNT LOMARIA.

GERONIO, }  
ANTONIO, } *Merchants of Seville.*

VASCO, *Antonio's son.*

CURIO.

VALENTINE.

RODRIQUEZ, *a monk.*

PETRUCHIO, *Don Pedro's servant.*

HYACINTH, *Antonio's nephew.*

SANCHO, *his servant.*

LAWYER.

*Gentlemen, Lords, Courtiers, Alcades, Servants, &c.*

ESTRELLA, *Don Pedro's sister.*

FLORILLA, *Geronio's daughter.*

ISABEL, *Antonio's daughter.*

URSULA, *Estrella's Nurse.*

*Don Pedro's Page.*



# STAR OF SEVILLE.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—A STREET IN SEVILLE—THE HOUSES  
WITH TAPESTRY AND GARLANDS HUNG  
UPON THEM.

---

*GERONIO discovered in front of stage—People towards  
the back. PEDRILLO, on the balcony, hanging  
tapestry over it.*

GERONIO.

Now, my masters; stir, stir—be busy! let us be  
ready at the first gun that fires: Pedrillo, hang me  
those garlands round the balcony;—so—very good!  
Now draw me the tapestry closer over the wall, and—

*Enter ANTONIO.*

ANTONIO.

And quarter thee. . . .

B

GERONIO.

How now, neighbour ; where is Vasco ?

ANTONIO.

He's away to the east gate of the city, to watch for the first cloud of dust that shall rise on the road.

GERONIO.

He will not be alone there, I warrant me.

ANTONIO.

No, by St. Jerome ! the road, the river, and the city walls, are covered with such multitudes, that when the King does come, he and his nobles must manage their horses daintily ; else, by my fay ! some of his loving lieges will pave his way to our good city.

GERONIO.

Those wreaths will scarce have time to wither, I should think : now for a flag to wave from the balcony.

ANTONIO.

Where is your daughter ?

GERONIO.

Not slumbering, neighbour, as you may believe ; she was up before day-dawn, decking herself, but whether for your son or the King—

*PEDRILLO descends from balcony.*

PEDRILLO.

There, Señor, I think your house will look as gallantly as any in the street.

GERONIO.

Then away with thee, and thy fellows ! Away with you, all that have nimble legs and young breath, to watch for the King.

*[Exeunt PEDRILLO and People.]*

*Enter FLORILLA, from house.*

GERONIO.

Why, here she is!

ANTONIO.

Good morrow, Mistress Florilla! How wags the world with you so early in the day?

FLORILLA.

Kindly enough, I thank ye, sir; where is Vasco?

GERONIO.

Ah, Florilla! his loyalty hath ta'en the start of his love, I think.

FLORILLA.

What! hath he not been here?

GERONIO.

No, daughter; he's gone to meet the king.

FLORILLA.

How! before coming to ask tidings of me!—to see me! Hath he been waking but the tenth of a second, and not been watching under my window?

ANTONIO.

Nay, pretty Mistress Florilla, your anger is less than just; Vasco loves you passing well.

FLORILLA.

But his love for the King passes that passing well.

GERONIO.

Now, neighbour, hast ever a tongue in thy head?

ANTONIO.

Ay, marry; I had, once, as good as my son's; so I may e'en try for once what he will soon have to abide for ever. Young mistress, my son hath never, in one single point, since now three years he hath been court-



ing you, failed in observance of the smallest matter, duty, attendance, reverence, worship, love.

FLORILLA.

All this is true, and that is why I'm anger'd.

ANTONIO.

What, that he hitherto hath loved you so ?

FLORILLA.

No, but that now he loves me so no more.

ANTONIO.

You are unjust.

FLORILLA.

He's taught me to be so.

ANTONIO.

Such accidents, at oftenest, rarely happen.

FLORILLA.

Oh, then, I thank you ! Fine, indeed ! I find your son loves me when he hath nought else in hand.

ANTONIO.

But the King.

FLORILLA.

An' he like to marry the King, then, in place of me, he may.

GERONIO.

Ha ! ha ! smartly hit, girl ! Now, neighbour, are you fairly breathed ?

ANTONIO.

A nimble tongue, good faith ! I'll say no more, for here comes Vasco, and he'll reason with her in another sort, I trow.

*Enter VASCO.*

VASCO.

Good morrow, father! With your leave, Master Geronio. Why, how's this, mistress? d'ye give me your shoulders?

GERONIO.

You shall see, now, how he will argue with her: marry! 'twill be a most controversial point.

ANTONIO.

Heaven help him!

GERONIO.

Let alone! he hath hands and lips of his own, and heaven's a needless third in such a case.

VASCO.

Oh, faith! I will not be greeted thus. How now! art sullen? what have I done? how angered thee? Wilt answer me? What, dumb? Heaven bless thee! we'll be married to-day; nay, I've no time to spare. Father, bid guests, for we'll feast to-night at the Anchor. Señor Geronio, if your daughter be willing, mayhap you'll bring her with you; I'm hence again. I have to go and hire me a horse to ride down to the river; and, moreover, to leave this breast-knot at Mistress Bella's.

FLORILLA.

What's that?

VASCO.

So ho! so ho! my dainty damsel, hast found thy tongue? Now, then, thy hand; come, come, no bargaining;—and now thy lips. Why, that's well! that's well!

GERONIO.

Oh ! neighbour, neighbour ! for the good old days !

ANTONIO.

The good young days, you mean : but, psha ! they live them o'er again for us.

VASCO.

And here is a breast-knot for thee, Florilla, shall make the King and all his nobles blink : come, put it on, and think no more of Mistress Bella than I do, wench.

ANTONIO.

And now, where hast thou been, and what learnt ? is the King coming—how and when ?

VASCO.

The King is coming ; he'll be here at noon—messengers have been riding on, to say as much ; the whole city has turned itself inside out, and gapes with its million eyes and mouths, as tho' it would devour his Highness when he comes. But, psha ! I prate ; the nobles and alcades will, anon, down to the river-side, to assist at the landing ; and if I be not there, what think you the majesty of Spain will say ? Fare thee well, sweetheart ! when thou seest me again, 'twill be among shouts, trumpet-blasts, and welcomes,—plumes, peers, and princes,—uproar, din, and confusion ! (*sings.*)

Bella is fair enough, they say ;  
But a plague of her coal-black eyes for me !  
Sing hey down, down, on a dreary day ;  
Ne'er a one do I love as well as thee !

(*He goes off, and returns.*)

Now a murrain on that shell'd pease-cod, my head !  
Father, I have a letter for thee ; one riding post-haste  
to town gave it me, and a faithful keeper I had liked  
to prove.

FLORILLA.

Vasco ! Vasco ! where's Isabel ?

VASCO.

Gone to the Lady Estrella's to help old Ursula.  
Oh ! and I must tell ye, there will be great rejoicings  
there to-morrow, for Don Carlos hath asked her of her  
brother, and Isabel is gone to help to prepare all things  
for the wedding ;—she's a fair lady ! there's not such  
another in Seville !

FLORILLA.

And he's the very man deserves such an one : Heaven  
send them all happiness !

VASCO.

Amen, little devotion : and the same to us, when the  
physicians shall pronounce the case similar. Sing, hey  
down, down !

[*Exit, singing.*]

GERONIO.

There he goes, for a rare madcap ; cheating a weary  
way with a merry lay, as the old burthen hath it.

ANTONIO.

Oh, neighbour, we are like to have a new acquaint-  
ance here ; this letter's from my brother, a wealthy  
merchant in Segovia ; his son, I find, hath preferred a  
courtier's plume and rapier to the counting-house, and  
is coming here in the young King's train.

FLORILLA.

How ! shall I have a courtier to my cousin, when I am married to Vasco ?

ANTONIO.

Marry, that shall you, and a ruffling gallant he'll prove, if my brother speak true ; but it is near upon noon, and yonder come the worshipful alcades, and the Count Lomaria.

*Enter Alcades and LOMARIA.*

FIRST ALCADE.

Yes, sir, 'tis as I say ; the late King was too old, too infirm, indeed. How now, my worthy masters ! good morrow ! I pray you rejoice to-day, and let your sons and 'prentices keep the peace in their rejoicings, if it be possible : Mistress Florilla !

LOMARIA.

Ha ! pretty mistress ! how fares it with you ?

SECOND ALCADE.

Well, sir, the late King had grown somewhat close and chary of his presence, but now that his son is come among us, we shall—

*[Exeunt, talking.]*

*Enter two Lords.*

FIRST LORD.

Indeed, those imposts were intolerable ; but now—

SECOND LORD.

The young King will sweep away all such grievances ; he will restore the privileges of our order, and keep the mud from soiling our ermine,—'twas time he came.

*[Exeunt, talking.]*

*Enter CURIO, VALENTINE, and a party of Gentlemen.*

CURIO.

Are you bidden ?

VALENTINE.

Yea, faith ! and as I take it, 'tis writ by the fair hand of the fair Estrella.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

The bride ; she will be the fairest that ever wore a ring.

CURIO.

Some men do lie in the sun their whole life long, with ripe grapes dropping into their mouths.

VALENTINE.

Art thou such an one ?

CURIO.

Would to heaven ! No, if I would be warm I must light my own fire ; and if filled, cook mine own meat ; but Carlos was swathed in luck, and rocked in the very lap of good fortune.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

They say Don Pedro gives the best part of his estate in dowry with her to his friend.

VALENTINE.

He loves her beyond the usual affection of a brother : for her sake he has led as it were the life of an hermit, devoting his whole mind unto the tending of hers ; and refraining from all the temptations of prosperous wedlock, that she might meet no rival in his affections.

CURIO.

I am persuaded that in nothing has he shown so much his care and love of her, as in the giving her to

Don Carlos, for the parting will leave him utterly bereaved.

VALENTINE.

He carries it bravely, however; there will not have been so sumptuous a feast in Seville, since it called itself by name.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

I'm glad of it! We shall have merriment in all abundance now; for, by the mass! a young king makes a young court: we shall laugh again ere we grow old. Oons; this Seville might have been a city of monks, or the thrice holy and gloomy Inquisition itself, for aught that has been done in it for the last two years.

CURIO.

No women!

VALENTINE.

No carousing, but in a corner.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

No diceing, but in the dark.

CURIO.

But now we will lead other lives, I trow; we will make day-light blink with our bravery, and the night shall reel like a weak-brained toper after his sixth cup; now come the days of moonlight serenades, rope ladders, wine, wenches, drinking, dancing, diceing, and the devil!

ANTONIO.

Oh! the saints! here be eyes for spying you out the advantages of the time.

GERONIO.

Come, mistress, come, go in.

CURIO.

Ah! mistress Florilla!

VALENTINE.

A prize! and so fair a one, already.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

By St. Eustace! a most inviting eye!

ANTONIO.

Gentlemen, good now, I pray you—

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

Old gentleman, we were not speaking of your's.

GERONIO.

Go in, daughter, go in.

[*Exeunt ANTONIO and GERONIO, with  
FLORILLA, into house.*]

CURIO.

Miserly old churls! the wench wanted to stay.

VALENTINE.

Ay, faith! with thee, mayhap.

CURIO.

With me,—why not, sir, pray? I spoke first, whiles  
you stood gaping three yards off.

VALENTINE.

You are a quick man with your tongue, we know.

CURIO.

A quicker with my hand, as you shall know.

(*Strikes him.*)

VALENTINE.

Death and damnation.

(*They fight.*)

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

Hold off, gentlemen! Curio! Valentine! they'll raise  
a riot.



*Enter DON PEDRO.*

PEDRO.

How now ! what's here to do ? why, gentlemen,  
Is't thus you usher in the happiest day  
That ever shone on Seville ?

CURIO.

Stand aside, sir.  
I'll finish out this bout.

VALENTINE.

You are in peril, Don Pedro; stand from between our  
swords.

PEDRO.

Your pardon, Señor Valentine; I will not :  
Now, gentlemen, come, thrust away ! How's this ?  
Have ye forgot your quarte, your tierce, your parry !  
Or is it that you think my flesh and blood  
Better worth saving than your own ? For shame !  
To stand here snarling like two angry curs,  
When everything looks peace and holiday.  
Is't thus with fast clench'd hands, and rapiers drawn,  
You mean to greet the King ? By my good faith !  
'Tis a fair sample of our Seville manners,  
And on your part, indeed, 'tis most sincere ;  
You will not palm yourselves upon his highness  
For peaceful, sober citizens ; not you :  
But fill the streets with swaggering brawls to-day,  
That he may know at once your quality.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

Come, piece this quarrel up.

PEDRO.

Shake hands, and sheathe your swords.

CURIO.

Well, there's my hand.

VALENTINE.

And mine, with all my heart !

PEDRO.

Amen, amen. And now in peace depart.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

Yonder's the first gun, the king's boat's in sight.

CURIO.

Are you coming down to the river ?

PEDRO.

Presently.

I have some matters to despatch at home,  
But I shall join you, ere the landing.

*[Exeunt Gentlemen.]*

A goodly crew ! and yet these are the sons  
Of our first houses here in Seville ; all scions  
From our stout forest trees. Heaven save the mark !  
I think we'd better spirits in our day  
Than these same noble street-fighters give promise of :  
And 'tis another argument that tells me  
I have done well in hedging my fair flower  
Within the guarded fence of holy wedlock ;  
Yet hold I fearfully my die in hand,  
Dreading to cast it, lest it fall amiss.  
Carlos loves her, that's something ; she loves him,  
That's more, much more : I fain would think 'tis well :  
And yet my fond affection, like a coward,  
Pries into the far future for some danger,

Howe'er remote or shadowy, to start from.  
Oh ! I have ventured my dear treasure forth,  
And tho' the sea and sky look smilingly,  
I almost wish it back again in harbour,  
Dreading a thousand shoals, and reefs, that are not,  
Save in the treacherous soundings of my fear.  
Now, good old friend, thine errand ?

*Enter PETRUCHIO.*

PETRUCHIO.

Heaven save your noble honour ! thus to call me.  
If years of service, that I wish were trebled,  
And my heart's love, would for your use 'twere younger,  
Deserve in anything so good a name,  
I'm not in everything an undeserver.  
My lady, sir, bids me inform your lordship,  
She will be married by her confessor,  
And not the lord archbishop, your good uncle :  
Don Sanchez is sore sick, and cannot come, sir,  
To the wedding ; but he greets your honour by me ;  
And to my lady sends this diamond,  
Wishing her every future happiness.

PEDRO.

Think'st thou she can be happier than she was,  
Petruchio ? Dost thou recollect one wish,  
Or word, or look, or veriest thought of her's  
I've not obey'd—obey'd, forerun—prevented ?  
Dost thou not think my sister lov'd her home ?

PETRUCHIO.

My dear kind master, there's nought dwells about you,  
But's blest ; and if on those whose lowly station  
Puts them at furthest from your influence

It still shines warmly, as a kindly sky,  
My lady, who is locked within your soul,  
Fram'd in your heart, shrin'd in your treasured thoughts,  
Must bear a thankless mind,—but ah ! she does not,—  
If she requite not thousandfold your love :  
But you forget, sir, a young maiden's heart  
Is a rich soil, wherein lie many germs  
Hid by the cunning hand of nature there  
To put forth blossoms in their fittest season ;  
And tho' the love of home first breaks the soil  
With its embracing tendrils clasping it,  
Other affections, strong and warm, will grow,  
While that one fades, as summer's flush of bloom  
Succeeds the gentle budding of the spring.  
Maids must be wives, and mothers, to fulfil  
Th' entire and holiest end of woman's being.  
Your pardon, honour'd sir ; but I remember  
When my right noble mistress, your fair mother,  
Was married to the Count your father, marry time .  
I was a youngster page, and held her train,  
Something to this same tune, the priest who married  
    them  
Spake at the altar—but I prate too boldly.

PEDRO.

Thou'st spoken well, old faithful ; I would see  
My sister made a loved and honour'd wife ;  
A blest and happy mother, and to-morrow  
Will crown these hopes. I am content to lose her ;—  
But now thy further errand ?

PETRUCHIO.

Sir, Don Carlos

Is gone to meet the King ; but on returning  
Would speak with you at home : I've been  
To bid your guests, to order the musicians,  
To——

PEDRO.

What, was there no younger foot to trudge  
On all these weighty quests, but thine ?

PETRUCHIO.

Marry,  
They're all gone forth to choke up the King's path ;  
Besides, I love to do my lady's errands,  
And grudge my waning strength and swiftness most  
Because I may not now so often hear  
Her gracious thanks, or gentle bidding, or,  
Returning weary, be o'erpaid my toil  
By her sweet voice and smile.

PEDRO.

Ay, there it is !  
We all shall lose our very best of life,  
Old servant, when that gentle soul departs.  
Thou'lt lose a mistress, I, a sister, wife,  
Child, mistress, all that in love's catalogue  
Nearest and dearest is : but it is well ;  
And being well, 'tis scant philosophy  
To wish it other. Get thee home, and rest ;  
I'm for the river side to meet the landing.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—THE RIVER SIDE. VIEW OF SEVILLE.

*Enter the KING, DON ARIAS, DON GOMEZ, LORDS,  
GENTLEMEN, COURTIER, &c.*

KING.

Hail to fair Seville ! to our goodly town,  
Which in the golden sunshine smiles so bright !  
Of all the cities in our vast dominions,  
Which we have progressed through,—albeit in arms,  
In commerce, and in learning high renown'd,  
Famed for the bounteous gifts of lavish Nature,  
Or for the arts which had drawn interest from them,—  
None ever, on our first beholding it,—  
Appear'd so fair as yonder Seville seems,  
Girt with her orange groves, whose balmy breath,  
Stirr'd by the morning's wings, e'en here salutes us,  
And wound around with the enamoured arms  
Of the Guadalquivir !

ARIAS.

It seems, in sooth,  
A pleasant city, and your highness means  
To rest here long ?

KING.

As long, coz, as may serve  
To make our onward path appear more sweet.

ARIAS.

The people seem most loyally inclined.

KING.

Ay, faith, their welcomes made the shores resound

Long ere we came in sight. Loyal, good troth !  
If shouts, which rent the harmless, yielding air,  
Shook either bank, and in his hollow bed  
Awoke the river God, which must have damaged  
Our lieges' throats, or we are much deceived,  
And our own ears,—if this be loyalty,  
You shall not find a truer set of subjects,  
More noisy loving, in the universe.

GOMEZ.

'Tis said this mighty and unruly concourse,  
Tumultuously thus poured abroad, has caused  
Broils not a few, and bloodshed.

KING.

Odso ! true,  
We had forgot ; but thou rememberest us,  
Thyself reminded by too fresh a grief,  
That we designed to have, on our arrival,  
The use of swords and arms prohibited,  
While we sojourn in Seville ; gentlemen,  
Ye must divest ye of these warlike gauds ;  
We have not yet forgotten Saragossa,  
Whose streets, to welcome us, ran down with blood  
Of jostling youngsters, fighting by the dozen,  
Where this, our very friend and counsellor,  
Was, by ill chance, made childless by the slaughter,  
Of a fair only son, such strife prevailed ;  
To prevent which, let instant proclamation  
Be made through Seville, that on pain of death,  
No one presume armed to walk abroad  
During the time of our abiding here.

See to it, Gomez; gentlemen, come on!  
We halt upon the threshold. Seville, ho!

*[Exit, with train.*

*Enter HYACINTH and SANCHO.*

HYACINTH.

Never credit me, Sancho, if I don't think thee more stupid, yea, more obtusely, intensely, and impenetrably thick-skulled than ever man or woman was before thee.

SANCHO.

You may think so, sir, and say so, too; 'tis ever the way when you are perplexed at aught; when you have on colours you love not; or a sword-knot that sits not well, or an over-tightened shoe,—you call me hard names, and so make matters better; but, Master Hyacinth.

HYACINTH.

Don Hyacinthus, blockhead!

SANCHO.

Don Hyacinthus, blockhead!

HYACINTH.

Thou apish varlet! have a care! I shall commit a mischief.

SANCHO.

On your new hose, mayhap, if you lunge too wide; but as I know that, for the soul of you, you cannot run, I'll speak my mind at this good distance, thus—and then take to my heels. When you left Segovia for Seville, your father bestowed on you much good advice, your mother, a purse of gold, and me for servitor; since which time I have not ceased to toil in your behalf;



but, sir, you have grown out of all behaviour, and my service beyond all endurance. I will no more be owed my fees by you ; I will no more go strutting at your heels in your cast-off apparel, which do make me the scoff of all eyes, nor devise, at every new town we come to, the monstrous lies you blazon yourself forth in.

HYACINTH.

Thou speakest not the thing that is; *id est*, thou sayest the thing that is not ; 'tis I devise, and thou hast not even the wit to utter them.

SANCHO.

'Tis conscience chokes them in the utterance.

HYACINTH.

Take this, and clear thy conscience's throat withal ; nay, honest Sancho, pray thee help my hand into my pocket, Sancho, for my mother's sake, who bade thee watch over me, Sancho.

SANCHO.

Nay, if you touch the virtue of compassion in me, 'tis only there I'm weak.

HYACINTH.

Oh ! thou art all compassion ! Here, here be thy wages for the past, and this I give thee as an earnest ; —art thou touched ?

SANCHO.

Marry, pierced to the heart ; master, what shall I do ?

HYACINTH.

Get thee on to Seville, to a house of resort, called the Anchor, with those same things thou bearest upon thy back ; be heedful of the straw-coloured mantle,

good Sancho ; and, Sancho, I pray thee look to the pink hose, lest they be crushed. When thou shalt have safely lodged my apparel, not without some observation to attract notice and importance, made whilst thou art unpacking of them, in hearing of the guests, the hostess, or even the drawers ; such as, “ Ay, marry ! he’s a gallant that owns this mantle ; the ladies do mightily affect him ; ” remember that.

SANCHO.

Infect him,—I shall.

HYACINTH.

Or this—“ These hose he wore upon the very day the Countess, what name thou wilt, so it be long enough, and end in a——

SANCHO.

Antarididlearida ?

HYACINTH.

Mark me, the Countess——

SANCHO.

Antari—plague on’t, I have forgot ; Antilly—I have forgot the name I found—Antunedonypesthemopora.

HYACINTH.

Well, well ; “ did so beseech him to supper,”—dost mark ?

SANCHO.

Oh, sir, ’tis an oft taught lesson ; the maids that have run from their wits, the wives from their lords, and the widows from their weeds, for the love of you, I have noted in a book ; and in another leaf, the brothers, fathers, husbands, lovers, and guardians, that, by your

valour, were brought as low as their honour was by your love.

HYACINTH.

Good, then; con but o'er thy task, and say it off glibly. Well, having deposited my suits, inquire out one Antonio, my uncle, an orange merchant of great note in Seville; greet him from me, and tell him I shall see him this very night; that he may look for me: and then, good Sancho, get thee to thine inn again, and wait there until I come to attire me.

SANCHO.

I will not fail.

[*Exit.*

HYACINTH.

My purple suit, with orange slashings; ay, that shall it be; I marvel what manner of man my uncle, the orange merchant, is; he hath a fair daughter, they say,—'tis not to be doubted she will love me! My purple suit, a courtier withal; moreover, I will spread the news abroad, that besides being a most resistless wooer, I'm bound in promise to some high-born lady in Segovia, who pines for my return. There's nothing so becomes a man, or makes him to be so sought after by women, as knowing that he hath triumphed over all but one; and that from that one, he is in honour bound not to stray; for 'tis to be thought that whatsoever fortunate fair seduces him from his loving allegiance, hath the double delight of winning his heart and breaking his lady's. My purple suit—curse on these galling shoes!—with orange slashings, and my fire of Egypt mantle!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—AN APARTMENT IN DON PEDRO'S  
HOUSE.

*Flourish of drums and trumpets without. Enter  
from Balcony, ESTRELLA and DON CARLOS.*

ESTRELLA.

I shall be jealous of your loyalty,  
If it come so near the boundary of love,  
Carlos.

CARLOS.

Thou can'st not; for although the King  
From me receives the utmost of affection  
That man can give to man; the love I bear thee  
And him, are in their natures so distinct,  
So separate, and several in their essence,  
That thou might'st all as soon say that a rose  
And any other flower were of a kind,  
Because they both spring from the earth, have roots,  
Leaves, sap, and blossoms, bud and fade alike:  
And bear, indeed, some common properties,  
Though not the same.

ESTRELLA.

A pretty sweet defence!  
As good as a nosegay; I shall wrangle with thee  
By the hour, if thou'rt so apt at argument;  
But for the King——

CARLOS.

Is he not a fair gentleman?

ESTRELLA.

Oh, for his outward man, thou did'st in nought  
O'er-praise him ; certes, he's a goodly gentleman !  
Of the height I love ; the complexion that most pleases  
me ;

The very air and carriage I am fond of ;  
His eyes, and hair too, the colour I most fancy.

CARLOS.

Here's a panegyric !

ESTRELLA.

You're merry, sir ! I thought you'd have me praise  
him ;

Is't not to the height, or shall I straightforth deify him  
Into a very galloping Apollo ?

CARLOS.

Nay, love, leave jesting, and speak earnestly.

ESTRELLA.

Earnestly, then ; I ne'er saw goodlier gentleman,  
Or one whose outward givings better spake  
The worth you oft have told me lies within :  
He's very young to be a King.

CARLOS.

Two years,  
Aye, just two years, poorer in life than I ;  
We were as like two brothers, my Estrella,  
More like than many that do call one woman mam.  
My father was the old King's oldest friend ;  
Counsel in peace, and service hard in war,  
Earned him the name, and from the earliest time  
Alphonso spelt the rudiments of life,  
We grew together ; riding, hawking, tilting ;

And in the graver lessons of our youth,  
With friendly strife, and kindly emulation,  
We studied side by side. The heathen twins,  
Whose starry image nightly to our eyes  
Is hung in Heaven, were not more true a pair  
Of loving friends, than he and I were then.

ESTRELLA.

How fell this loving friendship to its end ?  
Wert thou the apter scholar of the twain ?  
Or—for that's worse, and less to be endured—  
Could'st thou ride better in a crowded ring ?  
Sing better 'neath a silent balcony ?  
Did you both love one lady ? Or, perhaps,—

CARLOS.

I'll spare thy fancy other random shots :  
Thus fell the chance ; the old King's bastard brother,  
Don Alvar,—you have heard of him ?

ESTRELLA.

O yes ;

The man our nurses made us good withal—  
The Iron Bastard he was called.

CARLOS.

He was.

Mispractices of his, affecting the state's health,  
And very life, came to my father's knowledge,  
Who straight before the whole assembled council  
Charged him withal ; he stood upon his trial,  
But ere the proof was found, death pass'd his sentence  
On judge and criminal alike ; the King,  
And this same villain Duke, died suddenly ;  
Alphonso vaulted in his father's seat,

And moved, I think, by th' entreaties of his cousin,  
Don Arias, Alvar's son, broke off the suit,—  
Forbade all further search or speech upon it,  
And had the matter quash'd ; though on my father  
Not only fell the blame of the defaulter,  
But the ill-savour of false accusation,  
Having sworn that whose proof did ne'er appear.

ESTRELLA.

That was but ill, and would go hard to prove  
Your idol King nor just, nor very grateful.

CARLOS.

Ah, my Estrella ! 'tis not fit we judge  
Too hardly of our fellows, whose own souls  
Bear witness hourly to ten thousand frailties  
Which stand unanswered in the sight of Heaven ;  
And least of all, should we be prompt to doom  
Those who upon the precipice of power,  
Swath'd in state trappings, over which they trip,—  
Run in a path all briery with temptations  
Still plucking at their skirt as they pass by :  
Something of coldness fell upon the spring  
And sunshine of our love, from this event ;  
But as it sank into Time's shadowy lap,  
The warm affection of our schoolboy days  
Revived : and since, against that injury  
I weigh my life, which, but for the King's arm,  
At Talavera I had paid the Moor :  
He came between me and mine enemy,  
When not so much of daylight shone betwixt us  
As would have served to read an ave by ;  
The steel that should have dived into my breast

Grazed his,—his blood, th' anointed blood of Spain,  
Flow'd o'er me, and in that royal stream  
I was baptized to as firm a faith,  
As dear a love, and true allegiance to him,  
As e'er the waters of the holy fount  
Can buy from new-made Christian soul to Heaven.

ESTRELLA.

Oh! I will love him better yet than thou!  
I do no longer blame thy loyalty,  
But rather think it plays the failing debtor,  
Paying but half its owings. But, I pray you,  
How came it that you left the court?

CARLOS.

My father,  
Who now had reached the furthest shore of life,  
Was weary of it; and, for mine own part,  
This same King's cousin, this gallant Don Arias,  
Having become Alphonso's second soul,  
Though I in nothing bated of my love  
Or dear devotion to his majesty,  
Was the less loath t' obey my father's wish,  
And, casting off my courtier's plume and rapier,  
Came to our ancient home, near Seville here,  
Where I did lay my father with his fathers,—  
Repaired my estate, which absence and neglect  
Had something damaged,—looked to my possessions,  
Became acquainted with thy brother here,  
And since spent all my time in loving thee.

ESTRELLA.

A worthy ending to so fair a story!  
Heaven send thou change not occupation!



CARLOS.

It is not like ; for, in the whole wide world,  
There's no created thing but still of thee  
Discourses to my senses, and my soul ;  
The universe and all its holds of best,  
Is but a comment to thy virtue's volume.

ESTRELLA.

'Tis in the approved fashion, then, my dear lord,  
Three pages of a wondrous muddy argument,  
To show one word clear that was clear before,  
And little worth the pains to be made darker ;  
A note most disproportionate to the text.

CARLOS.

There's nothing half so fair, or half so holy ;  
There's nothing half so wise, or half so lovely ;  
Nothing so wholly good and excellent,  
As thou, my dear one ! Thou art the very breath  
That in me breathes ; the blood within my veins,—  
Heart of my heart, and spirit of my spirit ;  
My nearest and dearest of life, my essential self !

ESTRELLA.

Pray leave protesting, sir, unless you wish  
To burn my blushes out ; I sha'n't have one  
To help me look becomingly to-morrow,  
An' you waste them all to-day.

CARLOS.

To-morrow ! Estrella,  
Tell me, tell me, dost thou love me  
As I love thee ?

ESTRELLA.

No, by this living light !

Not as thou lov'st me ; not in the self-same way,  
For that's a question I could ne'er have asked thee.

CARLOS.

Why not ?

ESTRELLA.

Why not ? Because—here comes my brother.

*Enter DON PEDRO.*

PEDRO.

Good morrow, Carlos : Heaven bless thee, dearest !

ESTRELLA.

Oh, you're well come ! his lordship's but dull company  
Of a forenoon, when the weather's warm and drowsy.

PEDRO.

Was't thou i' the balcony when the King passed ?

ESTRELLA.

Who, I ?—I look from an open balcony  
To see gay cavaliers go prancing by ?  
Fie ! I was in my oratory at prayers.

PEDRO.

Ah ! 'tis as easy keep a woman's eyes  
From gazing—

ESTRELLA.

As a man's mouth from foul speaking.  
Say I was in the balcony,—what then ?

PEDRO.

Wert thou along with her ?

CARLOS.

No, I had joined  
The train at the city-gate, and rode along  
Thus far, but left the royal pageant here.

PEDRO.

Ah ! that's well thought on ; there's a say abroad,  
That riding up to the landing-place, some words  
Passed 'twixt you and the Bastard's boy, Don Arias.

CARLOS.

Oh these long ears o' the many ! No such matter ;  
The path at the landing being narrow, the King,  
Out of his grace, and loving welcome to me,  
Drew my bridle towards him,—in the doing which,  
Don Arias, who was riding at his side,  
Was fain to back from the straightness of the road,  
And that's the words we had.

PEDRO.

It may make some.  
And when thou wert at prayers in th' oratory,  
Wert thou attired thus ?

ESTRELLA.

Beshrew my heart !  
But thou'rt in the very mood of curious questions.  
No, I had on a yellow farthingale,  
And a green jacket, and a scarlet mantle,  
Pick'd out with blue and pink ;—what then ?

PEDRO.

Why then—  
Umph ! then there were some danger in those eyes.  
Carlos, there is a banquet held at the palace  
At set of sun, in honour of the King ;  
Thou'rt bid.

CARLOS.

I cannot answer that same bidding ;  
For ere sunset I must be many miles

Towards Valentar. All is not yet prepared,  
Nor in the fitting order I would have it,  
To welcome well the lady of its lord.  
I love that dear old home ! My mother lived there  
Her first sweet marriage years, and last sad widow'd  
ones ;

Something of old ancestral pride it keeps,  
Though fallen from its earlier power and vastness :  
Marry ! we're not so wealthy as we were,  
Nor yet so warlike ; still it holds enough  
Of ancient strength and state to prompt the memory  
To many a "wherefore," and for every answer  
You shall have stories long and wonderful,  
Enough to make a balladmonger's fortune.  
Old trees do grow around its old grey walls,  
The fellows of my mouldering grandfathers :  
Faith ! they do mock us with their young old age,  
These giant wearers of a thousand summers !  
Strange, that the seed we sow should bloom and flourish  
When we are faded, flower, fruit, and all ;  
Or, for all things do tend to reproduction,  
Serving th' eternal purposes of life,  
Drawing a vigorous sap into their veins  
From the soil our very bodies fertilise.

ESTRELLA.

You have left your home that is, for that which will be ;  
Pray you, some more of that same ancient dwelling.

CARLOS.

Nay, I have said too much on't ; but that there  
The sunlight seems to my eyes brighter far  
Than wheresoever else. I know the forms

Of every tree and mountain, hill and dell ;  
The waters gurgle forth a tongue I know,—  
It is my home, it will be thine, Estrella ;  
And every leafy glade, and shadowy path,  
Sweet sunny slope, and echo-haunted hollow,  
Hath heard thy name a thousand, thousand times.

ESTRELLA.

They're all the likelier to be weary of it,  
Unless they hold a longer constancy,  
As well as life, than men.

PEDRO.

Then thou wilt not  
To-night to the palace.

CARLOS.

No ; but thou wilt, Pedro.

PEDRO.

Indeed, his Highness pressed me so severely,  
'Tis the best word for such strained courtesy,  
He left me scarce the choice to stay away.

ESTRELLA.

And wherefore should'st thou ? 'twill be such a sight  
As Seville hath not seen this many a year :  
I would the King had bid me to his banquet.

PEDRO.

So would not I :—indeed I cannot tell ;  
I am not apt to fall in sudden love,  
Or sudden loathing, without further reason  
Than fancy's humorous promptings, or exceptions,  
But there is that about this beardless king ;—  
Faith, he'd have made a better page to a lady,  
And, if all tales be true, have liked the service.

CARLOS.

That he is young, argues him not unfit  
For his high office; for the healthful vigour  
Of a young spirit should give the life of action  
To those good counsels of his wise advisers  
Which are cold breath upon the lips of age.

PEDRO.

His counsellors, I take it—those he hearkens to—  
Wear brains as sudden and as hot as his,  
Green and sour wisdom, such as oftenest drops  
From sapling bearers, most unlike the ripe  
And mellow fruit of time. The King, besides,  
Hath but an evil name among grave men,  
For the unbounded licence of his pleasures;  
And Fame doth paint her cheeks with modest blushes,  
Telling how freely riot and excess  
Hold fellowship with stately royalty,  
And shake the prostituted hand of power.

CARLOS.

'Tis a sore trial to be young, well-favoured,  
And therewithal a King: believe me, Pedro,  
Men thus endowed with fortune's lavish favours  
Need sue but little to win easy loves:  
Nay, 'tis impossible they should escape  
The wooing of the wanton willingness  
That beckons wealth and power. Fie! 'tis a shame  
To think how women, this good world calls honest,  
Will play the wanton in spirit, if not in deed,  
Flinging aside all modest nice respect  
Of maiden pride, and matron state, to win  
The sway and masterdom of such a one,

Buying such hollow trash with their best jewels;  
Nor is't in nature that a man, whose blood  
Runs warmly through the lusty veins of youth,  
And lifts his spirit, like a bounding vessel,  
Upon the swelling flood of this spring-tide,  
Should, spite of the quick promptings of life's May,  
And all soliciting and yielding circumstance,  
Hold continent sway o'er his unruly passions.

ESTRELLA.

Oh! I commend your charity, my lord!  
And think it second only to your moral.  
We'll have you fee'd the prodigal's prime advocate—  
King's counsel in the high court of misrule:  
'Tis a foul cause to be so fairly pleaded!

CARLOS.

Let not my words meet ill interpretation;  
And least from thee, whose image still hath been  
The very shrine enfolding purity  
Whereto my thoughts bore chaste and constant worship.  
It is because myself have still been kept  
From stain or touch of such licentiousness  
As youth still squanders his best havings in,  
By the all-guarding talisman of love,  
That I am slower to fall out with those  
Who, having no such charm against the devil,  
Are caught i' th' net. Had'st thou the same respect,  
Pedro, thou'dst not have censured so severely  
Alphonso's frailty.

PEDRO.

And how dost thou know

I'm not for all the world as much in love  
As thou, for all the justice of my censure?

ESTRELLA.

Art thou in love?—with whom art thou in love?  
What is her name? Is she as tall as I am?  
Hath she——

PEDRO.

What say you to my question, Carlos?

CARLOS.

Thou canst not, in the first place, love as I do;  
For, by this living light, I do love more!

PEDRO.

Than ever lover loved his love before!  
So runs the tale of every Celadon,  
Who ever yet in court, or camp, or city,  
In lighted hall, or sylvan solitude,  
Pour'd forth his soul in the self-same comparison,  
That served our grandsire in his garden bower  
E're murder came in fashion.

CARLOS.

Oh! Pedro, pardon me; thou ne'er didst love!  
'Tis writ in the smooth margin of thy brow,  
And in the steady lustre of thine eye.  
Thy blood did never riot through thy veins  
With the distemper'd hurried course of love;  
Thy heart did never shake thy shuddering frame  
With the thick startled throbbing pulse of love:  
Thou hast ne'er wept love's bitter burning tears;  
Hoped with love's wild unutterable hope,  
Nor drown'd in love's dark, fathomless despair.  
Thine is a stedfast and a fixed nature,



'Gainst which the tide of passion and desire  
Breaks harmless as the water o'er the rock,  
And the rich light of beauty shines alone  
On thy soul's surface, leaving all beneath it  
Unmoved and cold as subterranean springs.  
Love hath no power o'er spirits such as thine,  
Nor comes not nigh to them.

ESTRELLA.

Oh ! tell me, Pedro,  
Whom hast thou loved ?

PEDRO.

Thee, from thy cradle upwards !

ESTRELLA.

Nay ; but whom dost thus love ?

PEDRO.

Thee, more than life !

ESTRELLA.

Flouter, wilt thou not answer me in seriousness ?

PEDRO.

Some other time, sweet ; but for that, no matter  
Whether my heart hath bled beneath the dart,  
Or whether there hath stuck no arrow there :  
I know the very difference that lies  
'Twixt hallow'd love and base unholy lust ;  
I know the one is as a golden spur,  
Urging the spirit to all noblest aims ;  
The other but a foul and miry pit  
O'erthrowing it in midst of its career ;  
I know the one is as a living spring  
Of virtuous thoughts, true dealings, and brave deeds—  
Nobler than glory, and more sweet than pleasure,—

Richer than wealth, begetter of more excellence  
Than aught that from this earth corrupt takes birth,  
Second alone in the fair fruit it bears  
To the unmixed ore of true devotion :  
I know that lust is all of this, spelt backwards ;  
Fouler than shame, and bitterer than sorrow,  
More loathly than most abject penury—  
Nor hath it fruit or bearing to requite it,  
Save sick satiety and good men's scorn.  
He that doth serve true love I love and honour ;  
And he that is lust's slave, I do despise,  
Though he were twenty times the King of Spain ;  
Wherewith I do commend me to your favours,  
And leave ye to your parting undisturbed,  
Carlos, at what o'clock wilt thou return to-morrow ?

CARLOS.

Two hours ere noon my horse shall get him wings.

PEDRO.

An hour ere noon we fix the wedding then ;  
'Twill give thee time to rest, and make thee brave.  
Farewell, my brother !

ESTRELLA.

Oh ! wilt thou not tell us  
Something of thy fair lady love, dear Pedro ?

PEDRO.

Some day when I shall sit between you two  
At Valentar, with a young round-eyed nephew  
Upon my knee, I'll tell ye all the story,  
And how it fell that I at length resolved  
To have no wife nor mistress, child nor heir,

Save this fair baggage, Heaven save the mark !  
Who hath cost me as much trouble as them all.

[*Exit*]

ESTRELLA.

And loved thee for them all, my kindest brother !  
Oh ! Carlos, thou must love me well, indeed,  
For in myself I give to thy possession  
The child of such a rare and deep affection—  
Oh, thou must love me passing well, dear Carlos !

CARLOS.

Dost thou not think that I shall love thee well ?  
Dost thou not know that in this air-clipped earth  
There's no created thing I love like thee ?  
Tell me—oh ! tell me, sweetest, dearest, best !  
Dost thou not feel how utterly I love thee ?  
Speak to me, dear Estrella ; do not turn  
Thy fair eyes from me—there are tears in them !  
What have I done ? Have I offended thee ?  
Upon my knees, here at thy feet I'll lie,  
Doing too blest a penance for my sin,  
Till thou forgive me : wherefore dost thou weep ?

ESTRELLA.

Oh, nature knows no other coin for joy  
Or grief, but melts them both alike in tears :  
I have a thousand stifling feelings press  
My heart to bursting ; joy to the height of pain  
Comes like a flood upon my every sense ;  
Thy voice runs through my frame like the soft touch  
Of summer winds o'er trembling harp-strings playing,  
Thy gentle words and looks that, though I love,  
I dare not meet, make my soul faint within me.

Oh ! Carlos, there is pain in this deep pleasure,  
And e'en our joys taste of earth's bitter root ;  
Besides, there is a thought that, hand in hand  
With the sweet promise of our marriage, comes  
Like shadow upon sunlight—I must go  
From my dear home—the home of all my life,  
Where I have lived, oh ! such a happy time !  
Aurora's tears are not more like each other  
Than the bright ever-blessed maiden hours  
That the sun of time has, one by one, dried up.

CARLOS.

Sweet, let not that darken thy fancy's glass :  
'Tis well when what's to come looks dark and dull ;  
To turn to the past, if haply joy dwelt there  
But by so much as the sweet summer's noon,  
When the earth wears its July pride of blossom,  
O'ertops the fresh and pearl-bedimmed hour  
Of earlier morning in th' unripe year's spring,  
By so much shall thy blessedness to come  
Out-noon thy gentle morn of virgin life.

ESTRELLA.

Shall it, indeed ! but then, my brother, Carlos,  
I fear he'll miss me sadly when I'm gone ;  
He says not much, but for the last three days  
I've marked him wander up and down the house,  
Noting my favourite chambers, sitting down  
Where I love best to sit at work or play :  
And then he sighs, good faith ! for all the world,  
As I were gone already. Yesterday,  
As I was singing to my lute to him,  
When I had done he took it from my hand,

And passing o'er the last few broken chords,  
Said, "Leave thy lute with me, sweet sister." Trust me,  
I think he'll be as lonely as a bird  
Without its mate, sad as a silent feast,  
Single as a stray glove, and all as purposeless;  
And this it is that makes me sorrowful.

CARLOS.

Oh! gentle soul!—but, hear me, my Estrella:  
When thou art gone from hence, these empty walls  
Will hold but little of his heart; I'll tell thee—  
We'll make him leave this lonely home of his,  
And come and dwell with us at Valentar;  
Shall we do this?

ESTRELLA.

Oh yes! oh yes, we will!  
Oh! we shall be the happiest three alive!  
He, thou, and I, in your old castle hall,  
And such a merry life as we will lead,  
Shall be a very fairy tale of happiness.  
Oh! 'twill be Paradise!

CARLOS.

It will, indeed!  
But now I must begone, with all best speed,  
To ope its gates unto its ruling angel.  
Farewell! mine own.

ESTRELLA.

Not so, until to-morrow.  
I am yet mine to-day.

CARLOS.

True, my fair queen;  
Then being thine, wilt thou not kindly grant,

What given, is so much sweeter far than claimed—  
One kiss.

ESTRELLA.

No, by my faith ! 'twas urged amiss ;  
Since I may not to-morrow say thee nay,  
At least I'll keep my privilege to-day.

CARLOS.

But why to grant thy privilege not use,  
Since, come to-morrow, thou mayst not refuse ?

ESTRELLA.

Because—no, I'll give no reason for the nonce,  
I will not.

CARLOS.

Fare thee well.

ESTRELLA.

Farewell, my lord.

Is not your lordship gone ?

CARLOS.

Not yet—farewell !

ESTRELLA.

Farewell ! I wish you a fair ride, swift horse,  
Smooth road, safe journey—and what more ?

CARLOS.

That kiss—

ESTRELLA.

Beshrew thee for a spendthrift that dost make me  
Lose my good time in silly bargaining.

CARLOS.

That kiss—

ESTRELLA.

If I should live an hundred years,

I'll ne'er give thee another.

CARLOS.

Granted so—

Give thou but this, I will take all the rest.  
Upon thy soft lips lay I this fond seal  
Unto our plighted faith ; and all blest saints,  
That register the sacred vows of souls  
Moved by chaste love, bear witness to the pledge !

ESTRELLA.

By this first kiss that e'er upon my lips  
Was laid by man, I do as truly give  
My duty, love, and life, to thee for ever ;  
And heaven forsake me when I break this troth !

CARLOS.

Oh ! help me, with thy gentle prayers, to lead  
The crippled hours away that halt between  
Us and our happiness: all angels guard thee !

[*Exit.*]

ESTRELLA.

Now Heaven bless me for a silly wench !  
Why he is gone far out o' sight or hearing ;  
'Tis only air I gaze upon so wide :  
By my good faith ! 'tis true I cannot see him.  
To-morrow ! oh ! to-morrow !—oh, that love  
Held old Time's hour-glass ; for he would shake  
The pouring sand so swiftly through ; that day  
Should sink this moment in night's swarthy arms,  
And straight come blushing back to light the world !  
Come night, quench thou this bright mote-peopled ray ;  
Oh ! that to-morrow were but called to-day !

[*Exit.*]

END OF ACT I.

## A C T II.

## SCENE I.—A STREET IN SEVILLE.

*Enter CURIO and VALENTINE.*

CURIO.

Sir, for a ducat, it was as I tell you.

VALENTINE.

I was not far behind you, and I saw  
Nothing of this.

CURIO.

He pushed his horse athwart Don Arias,  
And ploughed him out o' the path, or I'm a Moor.

VALENTINE

What said the King ?

CURIO.

You know the King, God save him !  
Was Carlos' school-day brother, and he seemed  
So glad to bid him hail, that, for the time,  
The favourite's balance kicked the beam.

VALENTINE.

Here comes the man : who is he walking with ?

CURIO.

The grave old counsellor i' the mourning robe,  
Whose son was killed in a broil at Saragossa :  
So life and death, wisdom and vanity,  
Still in this world go ambling side by side.  
Save your good lordships !



*Enter GOMEZ and ARIAS.*

ARIAS.

Gentlemen, God save ye.

GOMEZ.

But, my lord, if it was as you do think,—  
Or if you think it was as you do say,  
How comes it that you took th' affront so kindly,  
Who are nothing slack to let your blood boil o'er  
On some occasions?

ARIAS.

Let it pass, my Lord ;  
I had my reasons.—Gentlemen, the King  
Has bid me welcome you to his new court,  
And challenge all with courteous kind defiance  
To do him reason in mirth's glittering lists ;  
You are all bid, and will be welcome all,—  
And if you chance to have fair wives or sisters,  
You will be all the welcomer : the King,  
At the good Lord Archbishop's entertained,  
And there does purpose entertaining you.

CURIO.

We have our congé.

VALENTINE.

Fare you well, my Lord.

ARIAS.

Your slave, kind gentlemen.

*[Exeunt CURIO and VALENTINE.]*

Sweet Seville manners !

Did ye mark that drawl o' the leg in's bow ?

He bowed, for all the world, as though his body

Took me for a pawnbroker, and meant to leave  
His leg in pledge behind.

GOMEZ.

I did not note.

ARIAS.

You're something blind, I think,  
You're lucky.

GOMEZ.

'Tis the twilight time of life with me,  
And then, you know, all objects lose their outlines.

ARIAS.

'Tis very fit you should be blind; the fashion  
In such a matter's not to be neglected,  
And to see with your eyes were such a strangeness  
As would make a most notorious monster of you.

GOMEZ.

I am much bound to time; but for all that,  
Would rather ape than own such nice infirmities.  
But pray, my lord, now that we are alone,  
May I be bold again to ask you why,  
Since you conceive Don Carlos hath aggrieved you,  
You backed so readily and bore so christian-like  
The wrong?

ARIAS.

Let those who stand upon the verge of power,  
Whose edges are but slippery and unsafe,  
Fear lest the summer wind should blow them off:  
I hold the centre point o' the King's affection,  
And nothing own the jealousy of fear,  
Though something still a sense of injury.  
They were dear school-fellows, once on a day,

And my royal cousin loves a new face dearly,  
And his was old enough to be a new :  
They had not met for some six years, I think ;  
But I am not in case to hang myself,  
Though Carlos were ten times a better courtier.

GOMEZ.

I'm glad your Lordship's laid such good foundation  
In the unsound and shifting sands of favour :  
But, sir—and let it nothing move your anger  
That I am bold to speak my mind to you,  
But rather let my dignity of age  
Stand peer with your more honourable station,—  
You do not 'scape the touch of some reproof  
For the means whereby you've rivetted yourself  
To the King's love.

ARIAS.

Ha ! what !—there was no witchcraft  
I' the matter.

GOMEZ.

No, I believe, sir, none ;  
But something haply of too broad compliance  
With the King's humours, which, and 'tis no sin,  
Smack of his years.

ARIAS.

Now, Heaven save the mark !  
I am his younger, worthy lord, by twice  
Red autumn's birth-days, and your lordship knows  
I reverence my elders : I protest  
I always look to him for grave examples,  
And nothing doubting, follow those he gives me.  
Oh ! my good lord, my innocence is wounded.

GOMEZ.

It hath a gash bigger than its whole body,  
For I think as sorely wounded as it is  
An inch of lint would swathe it round and round.  
But, sir, if you did fairly gain that height  
You hold i' the King's affection, at the least  
You have not used it to such fruitful end,  
For the people's weal, as you had opportunity,  
And 'tis the common voice that you are rather  
The prompter of his highness's too large pleasures,  
The quick deviser of these full excesses,  
Than a mere actor in the revel rout.

ABIAS.

Enough! enough for once; long homilies  
Are hemlock to me. Used my power for good!  
Now, by St. Anthony! I am the man,  
Do keep the King in humour with ye all,  
And 'cause I rather single out o' the fold  
One sheep to throw the wolf, than let him harry  
The trembling flock, they now cry out upon me!  
They'd better let their King sleep in love's arms,  
Than wake in those of war—taxes, exactions,  
With all the drains through which princes are wont  
To suck the people's blood and substance are unknown—  
And save a dark eyed Donna, here and there.  
The King levies no tribute on the mass,  
Nor asks for other hostage of their loves.  
By my troth, a godly King! Then, sir, for me,  
I am the fellow at the chimney-corner,  
Who keeps the fire alive that warms you all.

GOMEZ.

A very worthy, charitable office.

ARIAS.

No sinecure, o' my conscience ! for the most part  
My best reward are blistered fingers' ends ;  
And the people's gratitude right soothing salve.  
He's in some things a very heathenish man  
For a christian King, and hath no more respect  
For what I hold the finest thing in nature,  
A fair bald head, than for a smooth round turnip ;  
A very graceless youth—tho' I'm his cousin.  
Oh ! my Lord Gomez ! I have seen his highness  
Come champing out o' the council, muttering—  
“ That bald old fool.”

GOMEZ.

Of me !

ARIAS.

Your reverend lordship,  
That bald old fool ! Then step I in, d'ye see,  
And fling the golden locks of some bright girl  
Over your lordship's baldness—and your lordship  
Remains in office, and the people profit  
By your lordship's zeal and wisdom in their service.

GOMEZ.

A very useful, honourable employ !

ARIAS.

The people, as the muddy spawn is called,  
Are villain slaves, that do not know their friends :  
By my soul ! I'll leave them to the tender mercies  
Of my King cousin ; they had better keep  
His mistresses, than let him be their master—  
But for this same morality you talk of,  
I'll make good use on't, worthy lord, be sure.

*Enter Page.*

PAGE.

May it please you, noble sir, attend the King.

ABIAS.

I' the instant.

*[Exit Page.]*

Now your lordship sees that I  
Seek not the mountain, but the mountain me ;  
But I'll not fail to give his Majesty  
The very essence of your homily.  
Farewell, old honest lord—good Mumblesaws.

*[Exeunt.]*

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SCENE II.—A CHAMBER IN THE ARCHBISHOP  
OF SEVILLE'S PALACE.

---

*The KING discovered.*

KING.

'Tis not in nature to outgo conceit ;  
Yet have mine eyes this very day beheld  
That which no fancy ever yet did parallel,  
Though 'twere the rarest weaving poet's brain  
Was ever loom to. Excellent perfection !  
That did outshine things brightest at their noon.  
The pomp and glittering pride of glowing rubies  
Look'd pale by the living colour of her blood,  
And, with a glory that outfaced the sun,  
Her eyes at mid-day shone like undimmed stars.

*Enter ARIAS.*

Ho ! welcome, Cousin ! welcome, my good Arias !

Answer me briefly, as I question thee.

Didst mark in the high street, as we rode along

This morning, at her balcony, a lady ?

ARIAS.

I did.

KING.

Dost know her name ?

ARIAS.

I do.

KING.

Estrella ?

ARIAS.

The same.

KING.

Dost know her brother, Pedro de Roella ?

ARIAS.

I do.

KING.

I love that lady well ?

ARIAS.

May 't please you, sir,

Is that a question ?

KING.

Psha ! ay, a score in one.

How is she to be begged, bought, stolen, wooed, won--

How can I make her mine ?

ARIAS.

Sir, you can marry her.

KING.

Marry her, good sooth ! That's news. Can I do so ?  
It is not yet the time of life with me  
When I can squeeze myself into the compass  
Of that same narrow gold eternity  
We wed withal. Come, come, to thy inventions.  
I'd give thee a second cousin like thyself,  
Born all as out of rule, and make him a duke  
Or prince, or perhaps a bishop—

ARIAS.

Please your grace,  
There is a sin of which I would forewarn you—  
Incontinence, great sir, 's a deadly sin  
For which, I take it, we shall make dear account  
In flesh and spirit, or I'm ill informed ;  
And, sir, there is a virtue, christened continence,  
Which, like a precious carbuncle, outshines  
All other excellencies.

KING.

What's in the moon ! art mad !  
Sure, thou'st been bit by some half-frozen novice !

ARIAS.

Oh sir ! modesty—'tis a sweet-favour'd quality ;  
And soberness, and temperance, and chastity,  
Three goodlier graces than the heathen Venus  
Did e'er, in Cyprian groves, disport her with.

KING.

Hark thee, my cousin ! thou art out of tune  
With my humour, and I counsel thee  
To wind thy jangling strings to a better pitch,  
Lest we make discord presently, my cousin.



What holy devil art thou plagued withal?  
We'll have thee exorcised.

ARIAS.

By black-eyed, laughing saints  
Then let it be, my liege! and let them pour  
Wine over me instead of the bless'd stream  
In the abbey fount:—ha! ha! ha!—oh! my liege,  
Did I not do it well? for all the world,  
Like a withered abbess who has left all sin,  
When sin, forsooth, will have no more of her.

KING.

Too well; for I would now lose not an instant  
In the furthering of my wishes; tell me, Arias,  
How can I compass my desire?

ARIAS.

Her brother—  
Is there no jewelled collar-gilded office—  
No bribe of state to muzzle him withal?

KING.

Trust me, I do not think he's such a one  
As can be so tied up; there's a cold bearing,  
And grave, severe aspect about the man,  
That made my spirit pay him such respect  
As though he dwelt 'neath age's silvery penthouse,  
Despite his unripe years.

ARIAS.

Not to be bought!  
That's strange, and much confounds me; 't isn't in  
The line of march I am accustom'd to.  
Not to be bribed! Perhaps the lady, sir,  
May be as incorruptible as he,

And then our labour's lost i' the hoped-for issue.

KING.

All women have their prices ; be 't in gold,  
In honours, titles, jewels, gay apparel,  
Or in commodities than these less solid,  
Flattery, and the light breath of words persuasive.  
Do thou but find the means to approach the fortress,  
My crown against a straw, it proves no Troy.  
There may be one, among ten thousand men,  
That would not sell his honour ; but the world  
Holds not, nor ever did, nor ever will,  
A woman framed so hard, impenetrable.  
How can we meet ?

ARIAS.

Ay, how—when—where—but soft,  
I've found it ; 'tis an excellent device,  
And needs but secresy, and a good wit ;  
The lady's brother comes to-night to the banquet  
Whilst she holds lonely state at home.

KING.

What thence ?

ARIAS.

Say that the dance should heat your grace too much ;  
Some sudden mist, or heady dizziness,  
From the quick action of the blood sent up  
To the clear brain, infecting it with heaviness,  
Might furnish you with reasons to withdraw.  
Leave me director of the royal revel,  
And while I keep all hearts afloat with mirth,—  
Soft music, banqueting, and all delights—  
You know the lady's house ?

KING.

Oh ! on my soul  
It shall be thus—but lest on my departure  
The feast grow tame, and others should be gone,—  
For where the leader moves, the blind herd follow—

ARIAS.

Leave that to me ; your highness shall be troubled  
With no companion through the streets to-night :  
If but one sleepy guest do stir towards home  
Till you are to your palace walls returned,  
Ne'er trust me for a witless blunderer.

KING.

If this attempt do reach the wish'd-for end,  
Be sure thou shalt know something of my joy.  
In tokens that shall best become thy zeal,  
And the surpassing prize I venture for.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III.—AN APARTMENT IN DON PEDRO'S  
HOUSE—A WINDOW ON ONE SIDE, ON THE  
OTHER AN ORATORY.

---

ESTRELLA and URSULA *discovered.*

URSULA.

All these—and these ! Marry, we must have galleys  
by water, and wains by land, to bear thy apparel to thy  
new home, maiden !

ESTRELLA.

Leave looking o'er them, nurse, and sit down here.  
Thou shalt do that, when I am gone to bed.

Sit here, in thine old place, good Ursula ;  
Reach me the footstool : now begin and tell me  
One of those stories old, of moorish maids  
And christian knights, and wizard lore full strange,  
As thou wert wont—now, whilst thou braid'st my hair.

URSULA.

What, art thou thinking of thy sleep already ?

ESTRELLA.

I'm weary of to-day ; I'll get to bed,  
It will be morrow sooner when I sleep.  
Come, gossip, dear ; be sure a wondrous story ;  
All golden halls, and pearl-strewn tapestry,  
And Indian spicy wainscoting, and curtains  
O' the crimson damask, glittering o'er with gems,  
To give me shining dreams—come, now begin.

URSULA.

I'll tell thee the tale of the christian knight who slew  
the villain sorcerer of Ebolis.

ESTRELLA.

No, that's all fighting ; I'll have none of it,—  
Gashes, and corslets hack'd, and helmets dented.

URSULA.

I'll tell thee the story of Moraim, the Moorish maid,  
whose love was a fair christian page, born in Castille.

ESTRELLA.

No, no ; not that one.

URSULA.

Why not that one, honey ?

ESTRELLA.

I do remember it, 'tis full of love,  
Voluptuous like the noon-day breath of roses,

It is too passionate—I will not hear it;  
Some other.

URSULA.

By my troth! I had need coin them;  
Lay thy head thus that I may reach thy hair,  
Dear chick; I shall not braid it e'er again for thee.  
Beshrew me! that I weep; God keep thee, dove!  
And make thee one of his.

ESTRELLA.

Amen, sweet Nurse!

URSULA.

Now listen. There dwelt a knight once, near the  
Moorish land, in a high castle, strong and stout for  
the nonce, as he had need, and he was brave and young,  
and moreover fair to look on; and this knight had a  
beautiful sister whom he loved for all the world—

ESTRELLA.

As Pedro loves me.

URSULA.

Yea, even so, sweet; well, in all Spain was none so  
fair as this maiden, whose name was called May Flower,  
for she was as sweet as spring flowers when they blow.  
What, art thou listening?

ESTRELLA.

Ay, go on, go on; sweet as a May-bud—  
You see I heard.

URSULA.

Thy dark lash droops to thy velvet cheek; thou'rt  
half asleep.

ESTRELLA.

Carlos! dear Carlos!

URSULA.

She sleeps, by my good faith ! Hark ! mistress ! lady !  
chick ! lie not aslant thus, thou'lt get aches, ere  
age ; get up, and sleep in thy bed, 'twere best, sweet.

ESTRELLA.

The dreaming poppies drop upon my lids ;  
Oh me ! I'm heavy—I'll to bed ; Good nurse,  
Help me to doff my vest ; take thou good care  
Of all these gay attires, they bè rich gifts  
From my good kinsfolk.

URSULA.

Marriage gifts, nay, troth, there was no need to blush :  
shall I put these away, and these, and this ? (*taking  
up a rosary.*) Thou wilt not need it, for to-night  
thou art too full of love and sleep, to pray. My  
life, but every bead thou whisperest his name, 'stead of  
an ave.

ESTRELLA.

Believe it not ; the love I bear my love  
Takes nought from that devout and deep affection  
I owe to Heaven ; oh ! I pray better and more ear-  
nestly  
Than e'er before, for now I pray for him :  
My lord, my husband !—Give me the rosary.

(*She goes into the Oratory, and kneels, while  
the nurse busies herself about the room.*)

ESTRELLA. (*Returning.*)

Good night, sweet nurse !

URSULA.

What, shall I not sit by thee, till thou'rt asleep ?

ESTRELLA

No, I would be alone; my thoughts are all  
Like mingled colours, bright but indistinct.

URSULA.

Well, get thee to bed then; if I leave thee, be sure  
thou open not the casement to smell the night-buds of  
the jessamine and orange flower, nor watch the moon  
until she meet the morning; be sure thou get to bed.

ESTRELLA.

I will, I will; good night!

URSULA.

Heaven keep thee, bird!

[Exit.]

ESTRELLA.

'Tis a strange life; and in my hand I hold  
Its strangest riddle: a throbbing, restless joy  
Beats in my heart and flutters there like fear;  
My little day of life comes back o'er me;  
My past existence, Heaven has made it sweet,  
Unmixed with any taint of bitterness,  
And the bright future, like a sunny land  
Descried afar, stretches like paradise  
In rosy bowers and golden fields before me.  
Farewell, my home! farewell, my pleasant chamber,  
Where time and I have still been gay companions;  
Farewell, my virgin couch, which I shall press  
No more with slumbers light, and smiling dreams,  
That were not brighter than reality.  
Night spreads her raven wings, and nears the earth;  
My blood's on fire! O for a breath of air  
From the cool gardens underneath the balcony!  
Once more I'll listen to the rustling boughs

Beneath whose leafy screens I've 'scaped the sun  
Of eighteen summers ; and, for the last time,  
Mark how the moon-beams pierce the crystal folds  
Of yonder fount. *(Opens window.)*

Sleep hangs upon them all ;  
The trees do rock, the waters flow in sleep,  
The sleepy stars wink in their sapphire beds,  
The air breathes gently, heaving in its sleep,  
And the round world spins sleepily on 's axis,  
I'll to my couch ; mine eyes reflect no more  
This earth's fair picture : 'tis night, 'twill soon be  
morrow.

Now then to dream of him, till he returns.  
Fare thee well, sweetheart ! Good night, Carlos,—  
husband !

*(She lies down and sleeps. Enter the KING  
from balcony.)*

KING.

Oh ! prosperous fate ! Lo ! to the very harbour—  
So true a pilot is true love, I've steered.  
She sleeps ! Oh, beauty ! richer far than all  
The hidden wealth of earth's wide treasures !  
How round her delicate limbs the pillows swell,  
Upbearing her with amorous gentle pressure ;  
How soft and even comes her balmy breath,  
And on the measured heaving of her breast,  
Peace and all virtuous thoughts lie slumbering.  
Why do I pause ? yet I am loth to break  
This holiest slumber ? Love ! oh, love, what lips !  
No blossom of so rare a hue did e'er



Drink spring's fresh showers ; no fruits so sweet and melting  
Did ever ripen in the summer's sun.

Mine eyes grow dim !

Wake, thou fair creature !

*(He lays his hand upon her arm, she starts and screams. Enter PEDRO, by Balcony.)*

PEDRO.

Hell !

And all its devils ! loosen thy lewd grasp !

Robber and slave ! stand from beside that couch,

Or, by my soul ! I'll unrip thine from thy body !

*(The KING, who has put on a mask, draws his sword.)*

I do not fear the cold shine of thy steel,

Thou coward thief !

*(They struggle—PEDRO secures the sword.)*

Now, what shall hinder me

From making ribbons of those silken swathings,

And gashing that fair flesh with ugly wounds

Shall mar your courting, lord ?

KING.

You dare not do 't.

PEDRO.

Hence by the way thou cam'st, and tempt me not

Another minute, lest I strike thee down,

And trample thee, defenceless as thou art :

Hence, hence, I say !

*(He strikes him with the flat of his sword, and drives him towards the balcony, from which he leaps.)*

King! King Alphonso, dog! I knew thee  
And did not send Heaven's purifying breath  
Thro' thy stale heart, nor let some of the lust,  
That clogs thy blood, out of thy swollen veins!  
Arm'd, too,—'twas fit, and in so good a cause!  
It is but they who make the laws dare break them  
So gallantly: laws cannot stretch so high.  
She faints! Fear has usurped sleep's gentle empire,  
And mimics death more closely. Oh! my lily!  
Accursed chance, that ever to our walls  
Did bring this tainted stream; this King, this court,  
These villain lords! this base nobility,  
Who hither come, like winter blasts in June,  
To sack our homes, make booty of our honours,  
And cry foul havoc on our happiness.  
Within there! Ho! within there!

*Enter URSULA and Servants.)*

Mistress watchful!

Where wert thou prating all this time, good gossip?

URSULA.

Kind saints! what hath befallen?

PEDRO.

Bear your lady in, gently, to mine own chamber,  
And do thou watch by her till I return.  
So, softly.

*(Exeunt URSULA and servants, carrying off*

*ESTRELLIA.)*

Now, what were it best to do?

I'll see if Carlos have departed yet;  
If he is not, he shall wed her to-night

Before 't be midnight, and so take her home,  
Or ere the day break, unto Valentar.  
I'll seek him straight. A King, a house-breaker !  
He's left me a good weapon—and good need  
I'm like to find for it, no doubt, hereafter.  
Ho ! Giacomo !

*(Enter Servant.)*

Bar up that window fast ;  
Make sure the doors after I am gone out,  
And until I return, let no one enter.

*[Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

## A C T III.

SCENE I.—THE KING'S ANTICHAMBER. COURT-  
TIERS DISCOVERED, SOME PLAYING AT  
CHESS, OTHERS AT DICE.

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*Enter from inner chamber a GENTLEMAN.*

FIRST LORD.

How now, sir, is his highness gone to bed ?

GENTLEMAN.

Not yet, sir.

SECOND LORD.

'Tis late—what time may it be ?

THIRD LORD.

An hour to day—just midnight.

GENTLEMAN.

I never saw his highness so disturbed ; he measures his chamber with such an angry diligence, as the Moors had sent to bid him good rest ; and every now and then, starts me his dagger out of its sheath—and then sits down and sighs with exceeding heaviness.

FIRST LORD.

When he left the banquet complaining that the action of the dance had over-wearied him, he would have none to attend him but the pages, and those, it seems, he presently dismissed.

GENTLEMAN.

The same humour is on him still ; for he bids you all

get to your beds, and will see none but Don Carlos, whom we have sent for, now some two hours gone; but who, I fear, is hindered by some accident: he never did use to let a moment grow 'twixt the King's will and his obedience.

SECOND LORD.

No less an accident, than that he is not in Seville.

THIRD LORD.

I know he was to leave it at night-fall for Valentar.

*(Enter DON ARIAS. They all rise; he crosses towards the King's apartment.)*

ARIAS.

Good night, gentlemen.

GENTLEMAN.

Your pardon, noble sir, but 'tis his grace's pleasure, that none enter the royal chamber.

ARIAS.

Sir!

GENTLEMAN.

I trust your lordship knows I do but tread within the very boundary of duty in this—I may not suffer any to enter.

ARIAS.

Any!—do you know me? what fashion wear I of the sudden, that this door, which, like mine own, hath still stood open to me, is latched at a servant's pleasure?

GENTLEMAN.

My lord, the King is most troubled and inquiet—angry and stern like waves chafed by the north.—Sir, I

dare not open the door—for, except Don Carlos, his highness will see no one.

ARIAS.

Don Carlos !

GENTLEMAN.

We have sent for him.

ARIAS.

Don Carlos !—so—so—so—so ran the horse that way this morning ; faith, he's galloped on in the time, to be come so far as this. None but him ! Pegasus, none other ! And here he flies a proper colt ! but I'll curry him yet.

*Enter DON CARLOS with two Gentlemen.*

CARLOS.

Save you, sir !

ARIAS.

And you, sir !

CARLOS.

The King, I hear, is much distempered.

ARIAS.

And I hear hath sent for you to cure him.

GENTLEMAN.

Sir, I shall tell his highness of your arrival.

CARLOS.

Pray do ; and withal that this delay, wherein my will was warped to the event, was caused by my departure from Seville—for indeed I was already some miles on my road, when the messenger overtook me.

*[Exit Gentlemen.]*

ARIAS (*aside.*)

I would you had been further!—(*Aloud.*) The King refuses to see any but yourself—you will become a court planet, Don Carlos.

CARLOS.

No, sir ; I do not love to shine with borrowed light.

ARIAS.

I cry your mercy!—nothing but the sun will serve your turn, I see.

CARLOS.

I look not to such heights.

ARIAS.

You're wise, sir ; those who do, sometimes lose their footing, and falling, break their skulls.

CARLOS.

Although your words wear a plain even gloss, your looks throw a strange colour on them, sir ;—I understand you not.

ARIAS.

'Tis pity !

CARLOS.

That I'm sure it is ; for when you speak, men use to profit.

ARIAS.

Sir !

CARLOS.

Don't vex your sword by plucking at it thus—I'm not for fighting, sir—not now nor here—but if the King's high pleasure being done, these veins still hold life's wine, I'll pledge it you against your own, for my dead father's sake.

*Enter Gentleman.*

GENTLEMAN.

My lord, will it please you follow? His Majesty expressed unmeasured content at your arrival.

CARLOS.

My life is his poor property.

*(Exeunt Gentleman and CARLOS.)*

ARIAS.

The weight's unequal, and the too light scale  
Wherein I sit, is chuck'd to the beam by his.  
We must put order to this speedily,  
Or we shall have these country-cousin courtiers  
Fray our gold mantles with their fustian doublets.  
Good night, sirs! if his highness call for me,  
I'm at the Count Lomaria's for some hours  
More of the night. "My life is his poor property,"—  
A courtlike phrase, and smacks for all the world  
Of the antichamber—plague on this honest roguery  
That plays the fool the better to be knave!  
But swearing's breath, and breath but cast away  
That wafts us not more near our purposes.  
Don Carlos!—we shall measure wits together.

*[Exit.]*



## SCENE II.—THE KING'S CHAMBER.

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*The KING discovered.*

KING.

The evil that we do, being conceiv'd,  
Is sin, e'en in the womb of thought ; before  
The midwife will have given birth to it,  
And brought it forth, a deed. Then I have sinn'd,  
In that I've wished his death :—nor is that sin  
Made less or greater by the accomplishment  
That frees my labouring thought—and having sinn'd,  
Why 'tis as easy to go on, as turn ;  
Much easier than stand still, being come so far ;  
Besides, do I not bear th' absolving power  
That cancels evil ? Can the King do wrong ?  
And shall he not do right that doth avenge  
The sacred cause of majesty insulted ?  
Were I his fellow—such as he—a blow  
Were worth a blow, and so he might be answer'd ;  
But being as the sun, above his head,  
By so much more is treason black in him  
As I'm his greater—by that height debarr'd  
The level ground men claim in equal combat.

[*Enter Gentleman ushering in DON CARLOS.*

Oh you are welcome—welcome ;—listen to me :  
With the profoundest heed of sense and spirit,  
And answer me with such a soul of love,  
Of truth and honour, as your father, Carlos,  
Bore mine.

CARLOS.

Let not the measure of my words  
Outpass the showing of my life—believe me, sir  
I speak as though the sun shone through my heart—  
I have not inherited my father's name  
Or land with a more full and true profession,  
Than his most dear devotion to your majesty.

KING.

Sit down beside me here, and give me heed.  
In all this court which, since my brows have borne  
My father's crown, so wooingly smiles round me—  
Among these scores of willing nimble slaves  
I've not one friend, not one I e'er have lov'd  
As some six years ago I lov'd thee, Carlos;  
And though my prosperous hours may seem to have  
    slipp'd  
From out their record, thy right loyal love  
My need remembers it.

CARLOS.

Oh blessed chance !

Whate'er it be that once more shows to me,  
Stripp'd of his royal panoply, my friend!  
What needs my friend, and what commands my King ?

KING.

Rememberest thou how, in our unripe years,  
Our hours were interwoven with the sweetness  
Of an affection most like kindred love ?

CARLOS.

Well, oh my liege, how well—and every patch  
Of sunny boyhood that my mind reflects  
Still holds your form.

KING.

This is as I would have it.—  
Rememberest thou our beardless exploits, when  
We first in blood baptized our virgin swords ?  
Dost thou remember Talavera fight—  
The scar yet seams my breast—that was the trench  
Betwixt thee and the death that did besiege thee ?

CARLOS.

Give me to do my answer. I am poor  
In the airy coin of words—oh let my deeds  
Speak for me—this strange catechism, sir,  
Seems like mistrust. Let me not say, but show  
How my heart bears engraven on its core  
That wound.

KING.

All that a loving friend doth owe  
Unto his friend thou art still perfect in.  
Now answer me, in what kind of respect  
Dost thou as a true subject hold thy King ?

CARLOS.

Second alone to God, whose great ambassador  
Here upon earth he stands—his law of pow'r  
Less holy only than the laws of Heaven—  
His person sacred above aught of earth.

KING.

And what does he deserve who lays his hand  
On his anointed King in daring strife ?

CARLOS (*starting up.*)

Death !—nay three sev'ral deaths. First that he struck  
The abstract of all mortal majesty ;  
Next, that against the father of his country,  
Its rever'd head, he rais'd his lawless hand—

The parricidal doom : last, that with daring  
Most impious and unnatural, he struck  
The type of Heaven's eternal Sovereign—  
The death and hell of sacrilege accurst.

KING.

Within the walls of Seville lives a man  
Who hath incurr'd all these against his King—  
'Gainst me, the Lord and Sovereign of Castille,  
He rais'd his arm.

CARLOS.

Oh ! wither'd be its marrow,  
And shrunk its muscles—may its veins run bloodless  
Under the curse of God and man !

KING.

Waste not  
Thy zeal in harmless words—hast thou no sword ?

CARLOS.

For this most honour'd choice my heart bows down  
In thanks—yea, I do bear a knightly sword,  
And here, by this life-giving symbol, swear,  
Which on death's handle christian warriors worship,  
To drive forth from my breast all other thoughts  
Save that alone of this great evil done  
And its great punishment yet left undone.

KING.

Within this paper have I writ the name  
Of him the traitor.—When thou art gone forth  
From out the palace, stay not to pray or sleep,  
But now, ere the night's an hour older,  
Do this appointed work : be sure the task  
Shall not lack payment—nor shall blame or danger  
Grow to thy steps if thou achiev'st his death.

CARLOS.

If I achieve his death ! all blessed saints  
Fight with me, and against the parricide :  
And as the cause 'is holy, shadowy fear  
Comes not anigh my soul. Good night, my liege—  
The heavens protect your grace.

KING.

I shall sleep well,  
Knowing mine honour's champion doth not slumber,  
Good night, my Carlos.—Nay, stoop not, good friend,  
But thus, as when we last did say farewell  
Receive thy friend's embrace and sovereign's greeting.  
Lights, ho within ! Farewell !

CARLOS.

God keep your majesty.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

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SCENE III.—A STREET IN SEVILLE, OPPOSITE  
THE ANCHOR INN.

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*Enter* HYACINTH, CURIO, VALENTINE, *and others,*  
*laughing.*

HYACINTH.

'Tis true, as I'm a gentleman, I use no witchcraft ;  
but I think the women be all mad, they do so plague  
me.

VALENTINE.

Is not this rare sport ?

CURIO.

And to see such a monster for nothing,—Vasco should show him at three deniers a-head.

HYACINTH.

I do protest unto you there be now three honourable virgins, two honest wives, and five chaste widows, all at this very hour sick in love with me.

VALENTINE.

O this flogs Europe !

CURIO.

The wine doth mount in him—we shall have more anon.

HYACINTH.

What say ye there?—ye be doubting me. I tell you the King's sister, when first I was presented in the court, cried out, "Cog's wounds ! but he is the sweetest gentleman of his inches the mirror of mine eyes did e'er reflect." She would have knighted me then and there, I know, save that some chance prevented it,—you understand me,—'twas thought fear might be entertained in the King's mind,—you understand me,—nephews have been heirs.

CURIO.

O, God save your lordship and my waistband !

VALENTINE.

If you be not provided with a squire, might one—

HYACINTH.

Gentlemen, ye shall draw lots for place ; neither will I let my favour lean to either, lest fortune, being a woman as she is, do choose him for my love's-sake. Where is my cousin, the orange-merchant's son ?

CURIO.

Vasco will be here anon : but, gentlemen, were we not best go in ? the night grows foul.

HYACINTH.

The moon plays peep-bo up among the clouds ; we shall have rain—let us go in. I'll tell you more of these same chances there.

VALENTINE.

Supper is ordered, I know, and wine, and all things most conducive to merriment.

HYACINTH.

A drop of rain, I do aver ; the clouds be envious of my sapphire cloak. (*Bowing with ceremony at the door of the house.*) Sir, O sir ! O gentlemen ! let me not show you my back, worthy gentlemen—I'll follow.

VALENTINE.

We know manners, sir, though no courtiers.

CURIO.

O how my ribs will ache before to-morrow.

[*Exeunt into the Anchor Inn.*]

*Enter DON CARLOS, and a Page bearing a torch.*

CARLOS.

How like to shuttlecocks toss'd on fate's racket  
Seem we and all our aims ! I did not think  
To have such work upon my hands to-night,  
Nor in my soul did anything save love  
Dwell, when at sunset I rode o'er the bridge  
Towards Valentar. How goes the night, boy ?

PAGE.

Sir,

I think the night be changing into morning,  
And yonder's the cathedral bell—'tis one.

CARLOS.

Thou grey and shadowy eye  
Of morn, cloud-lidded, open not thyself  
Upon the earth ere I have done my task.  
The night is spent ; I will go seek out Pedro ;  
'Twere best tell him of this cross-woven chance,  
Which may delay me from th' appointed hour  
When I should meet my bride.

PAGE.

Your pardon, sir,

I see you have your sword ; did you not hear  
That there has been a proclamation sent  
From the King, forbidding any to walk arm'd.

CARLOS.

I know it, boy, but I do hold my sword  
By licence of the King's high pleasure. Soft—  
Before I seek out Pedro, let me first  
Into this warrant pry, that to swift death  
Decrees one who, although till now unknown,  
I count for evermore my deadliest foe.  
Thy torch—the stars have crept into the clouds,  
And the pale daylight, like a sick man waking,  
Can scarce put by the night's thick curtains—ha !  
What's here !—come nearer, there's some devil dances  
Before mine eyes—nearer, I cannot see ;  
O God, strike not my sense with this black curse—  
I'm blind—read there—aloud—what name—what name ?



PAGE.

Don Pedro de Roella.

CARLOS.

May thy tongue

Be wither'd like my heart !

PAGE.

Sir, sir—my lord !

You're pale, and cannot stand—help, ho, within !

*Enter VASCO and Gentlemen.*

VASCO.

What is the matter ?

Don Carlos, you are fainting : sir, lean on me.

Follow me, gentlemen—a dizziness—

'Tis nothing—it will pass ;—what ho, within—

We shall find help enough here in the house.

*[Exeunt into the Anchor Inn, supporting*

CARLOS.

## SCENE IV.—A ROOM IN THE ANCHOR INN.

HYACINTH, CURIO, VALENTINE, *and others, at Supper.**Various tables surrounded with Revellers.*

OMNES.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

HYACINTH.

Excellent ! excellent ! though I made the jest myself ! Now we will have a song—ahem !

(*Sings.*)

Maidens who love  
Like the moping dove  
Are all too sad for me,  
But the light that lies  
In merry eyes,  
A laughing love give me!

*Enter VASCO and others, leading CARLOS.*

CURIO.

Ha! here is company,—Vasco.

VALENTINE.

What hath kept thee?

HYACINTH.

Is the man dead or drunk?

VASCO.

Neither, neither; here, give me a cup of wine.

CARLOS—(*drinks.*)

Another—another—ha! ha! ha! ha!—another, to  
drown the fire in my brain!

CURIO.

Sit down, sir; you seem better.

CARLOS.

Better! what need of better? I am well—what ails  
me, think you?—tush, tush, men are not maids to  
faint away for the heart-ache. More wine—more—  
give me more wine,—a health—a health to the devil,  
the king of kings!

HYACINTH.

Why that's a merry blade: I like a fellow that takes  
his liquor kindly.

VASCO.

All is not right with him ; this is a strange passion.

CARLOS.

Well, sir, what d'ye see in my eyes ? you peruse me as though for all the world you meant to learn me.

VASCO.

Indeed, my lord, not I ! Come, gentlemen, Don Carlos seems well disposed to honour us awhile.

CARLOS.

Ay, till the yellow sun-light flames in the sky ; for what was the night made, think ye, but to drink and to forget the cursed day ?—A health. Give me some wine !

PAGE.

Sir, your glass is full.

CARLOS—(*drinks.*)

Now give me some !—'tis empty—ha ! thou ill scholar—thou canst spell bravely. Heed me not, gentlemen. I'll sit here apart at this table,—think not of me, good gentlemen. Get thee home, imp ;—dost hear me ? go home !

PAGE.

I will, my lord.

[*Exit Page.*]

VALENTINE.

This is a strange, humorous fancy, to come here among us and spoil sport, with his gaunt visage.

CURIO.

Mayhap he hath quarrell'd with his mistress—they're to be married to-morrow.

HYACINTH.

To-day, for it is day—a baby-day of two hours old.

Come, we grow sapless in our mirth,—a song,—come,  
we will be melodious. Senor Valentine, you've a sweet  
pipe, I've heard.

CURIO.

For all the world like a nightingale in the quincey.

VALENTINE *sings*.

Drink, for good or ill betide,  
The goblet wears its joyous hue ;  
In the goblet drown your woes—  
With the goblet meet your foes,  
There is no friend so staunch beside.

CHORUS.

There is no mistress half so true—  
Drink to me—I drink to you !

Drink, for good or ill betide,  
The goblet wears its joyous hue ;  
With the goblet laugh at tears—  
With the goblet jest at fears—  
With wine the world may be defied.

CHORUS.

Seize the hours, such hours are few—  
Drink to me—I drink to you !

HYACINTH.

“ There is no mistress half so true ;” that were wis-  
dom, though an heathen should say it.

VASCO.

You have travelled, Cousin Hyacinth ?

HYACINTH.

I have, Cousin Vasco.

CURIO.

Whither, may't please you, sir?

HYACINTH.

O, why I have gone hopping about the world, picking up crumbs of wisdom here and there; but I have more studied men than things, and women more than either men or things.

VALENTINE.

And the epitome of your observation is—

HYACINTH.

That your Italian loves you for love's-sake, your Frenchwoman for your tongue's-sake, your German for your great-grandfather's sake, and your Englishwoman for your purse's-sake.

VASCO.

And our Spanish girls?

HYACINTH.

O, for God's-sake, and to be charitable.

VALENTINE.

The English—they live with their heads under water, do they not?

HYACINTH.

Yea, for the most part under aqua-vitæ. Gentlemen, drink, we will call for more wine.

VASCO.

The room is very hot.

HYACINTH.

Ay, me—

CURIO.

The heat would not so much matter an' it would stand still. I have heard the world did turn round, but never marked it till now.

HYACINTH.

Ay, me !

VALENTINE.

Humph ! 'tis not the room, nor the world either—hiccup !—doth turn—'tis thou goest flisking hi—hiccup—hither and thither—how like thou art—hiccup—to a fly !

HYACINTH.

Ay, me !—my heart grows soft.—O, my dear friends ! my most loving friends ! my kind cousin—and ye, sweet gentlemen—'tis an evil thing and a sore to be cleft in the heart.

VASCO.

What now ! are you so wounded ?

HYACINTH.

There is a lady weeping in Segovia, I do think, at this hour—lo mine eyes take the hint of her sorrow.—O my dear friend ! my gentle kinsman, to that fair lady am I contracted.

*(Chorus of gentlemen at another table.)*

“ And she was mine and thine,  
That lady so frail and fine.”

HYACINTH.

'Tis false—ye lie in your throats ! She is mine own betrothed bride—and purer than—

VALENTINE.

Ditch-water—hiccup—

HYACINTH.

Now then, a health!—a health to the fair bride!

CARLOS.

(*Starting up.*) Ay, ay, to the bride, all swathed in mourning weeds—to the bloody-handed bridegroom!—a health—a health to the fairest maid in Seville—in Spain—in all the world—Estrella, the star;—drink on your knees as I drink, sirs, to the fair Star of Seville. (*They all drink.*) Good night, kind gentlemen—a merry waking to you all. (*He rushes out.*)

HYACINTH.

That's a pleasant youth, my Vasco!—O my Pollux, I will be thy Castor.

VASCO.

Heaven send you be not my death! Pray clasp not my throat so close.

HYACINTH.

I am lamentable in my soul, my brother.

(*CURIO and VALENTINE sing and dance together.*)

“Ho, ho, with a hip, ho, ho—

Down with the heel, and up with the toe.”

HYACINTH.

Yea, I will dance and defy the devil.

VASCO.

Come, come—leave your teetotum reel—ho, hostess!—where be our men—what, hostess, ho! (*Enter the*

*hostess.*) Send hither our men—we must towards home—'tis daylight.

HYACINTH.

Ho, ho, with a——

VASCO.

Come, come, gentlemen—'tis time we leave the house—'tis early morning.

VALENTINE.

Curio, come then with me—we'll to the house you wot of.

CURIO.

We will—we will. Thou hast ta'en my hat.

VALENTINE.

Ta'en in thy teeth—I'm no rubbish vender.

CURIO.

I say thou hast stolen my hat—it had a feather once.

VASCO.

'Tis dangling here behind you.

CURIO.

Valentine, you're an honest man—I forgive thee!

HYACINTH.

Kinsman, dear—I will take thine arm. Come, shall we dance a fandango?

VASCO.

The fiend fly away with you!—leave dancing, and come home.

*Enter SANCHE, and other Men-servants.*

VASCO.

Sancho, take thy master.



HYACINTH.

O Vasco, my soul is exceeding heavy. I could weep—yea, I do weep; lo! spite of these breeches, mine eyes gush over for the fair Amadalinda. Ho, ho, with a hip ho, ho—

VASCO.

Come, come.

HYACINTH.

Ho, ho—out, alas;—hip, ay me—good night, gentlemen. How you pull me, cousin!—let me embrace my friends. Good night, sweet gentlemen.

*(He embraces them all over and over again.)*

VASCO.

A plague on your slobbering!

HYACINTH.

Vamos! ho—ho—hip—ho—ho—

*(Exeunt VASCO and SANCHO, leading HYACINTH, followed by CURIO and VALENTINE arm-in-arm; manent chorus of gentlemen, who sing the following*

*Chorus.*

What, though the morn  
Looks keen and cold,  
Like a bitter scold,  
Her spite we scorn,  
With a hey down, down, my bully boys bold!"

SCENE V.—A STREET IN SEVILLE AT DAY-  
BREAK.

---

*Enter DON PEDRO.*

PEDRO.

'Tis passing strange—not at his house—nor gone  
To Valentar—lo, now ! whom have we here ?  
'Tis Carlos' page—what, ho ! thou imp of the night,  
Whither art scudding, mischief ?

PAGE.

Home, my lord.

PEDRO.

Where is thy master ?

PAGE.

At the Anchor Inn, sir—

In very merry excellent good company.

Your pardon, sir, he charged me to go home

And I do fear to be abroad so early.

'Tis scarcely light.

PEDRO.

Run, lest thou meet thy shadow.

[*Exit PAGE.*

In merry company, and at the Anchor !

Why, this is stranger than the rest. Who's yonder ?

Sure some fantastical, crack-witted lunatic

With a drawn sword too ! 'Tis bad company

To meet abroad ; but thanks to the King I'm armed.

The morning frowns upon the earth. Hark !—thunder ;

Sure 'tis an evil day that speaks so sternly  
From its cradle.—Carlos ! by my good eyes—'tis he.

*Enter DON CARLOS very wildly, and in a disordered  
dress, with his sword drawn.*

PEDRO.

Thou art the very man I'm seeking, Carlos.

CARLOS.

I seek not thee—get hence, and let me pass.

PEDRO.

Carlos, what ails thee ?

CARLOS.

Madness ails me,  
And murder, and all devilish hideous thoughts  
Pursue me, man. In the name of God—begone.

PEDRO.

I come to thee from thy bride, my sister, Carlos—  
Ye were to wed at noon.

CARLOS.

We were—we were—  
But that's among the things that, like abortions,  
Rot in the womb of time—we shall not wed.

PEDRO.

Sir !—but my soul stoops not to answer you—  
You're drunk.

CARLOS.

You lie !

PEDRO.

Carlos !—pray come with me.  
I would not in an evil hour do that

My after life should mourn for—come with me.  
Thou art not fit to walk alone.

CARLOS.

You lie !

I am not drunk, but I am fix'd and sworn,  
As there is light in heaven, and fire in hell,  
To stab thee to the heart. Defend thyself.

PEDRO.

I will not—thou art mad.

CARLOS.

Hark to the thunderer—

The evil spirit laughs out of the skies  
To see a brave man turn faint-hearted—hark !  
Defend thyself, for I have sworn an oath,  
And I will keep it—fare thee well, dear Pedro ;  
For, betwixt thee and me, the gulf that parts  
The blessed and the damn'd is yawning wide.  
To heaven with thee !

PEDRO.

Nay, if you press me thus,

[*They fight.*

I needs must parry. Carlos, hold ! thou'rt frantic—  
I cannot foil thee !—ah—I'm struck in the life.

[*He falls.*

CARLOS.

Struck, art thou ? yea, 'tis blood, blood, reeking blood,  
My feet are washed in it—it rises round me—  
I swim—I drown in thy warm living blood.

PEDRO.

Whate'er hath urg'd thee to this deed I guess not—  
Let not my sister know thy hand did strike me,

And do thou swear, for thou keep'st well an oath,  
 To wed her. Do not leave her desolate—  
 Do not abandon her, I do beseech thee ;  
 But let thy love for her redeem my death.  
 Forsake her not—forsake her not, dear Carlos.  
 Oh, my Estrella—oh ! [*He dies.*]  
*(A violent storm of thunder and lightning.)*

CARLOS.

Yea, thou grim thunderer,  
 Hast thou a voice to curse, and none to warn ?  
 Pedro ! ho, Pedro, hear'st thou not up yonder,  
 How the loud voices of the night call to thee ?  
 Arise, wake, wake, oh ! wake—ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !—  
 He's dead !—what's dead ? here be his limbs,  
 The same that folded in the living soul—  
 Here is the very likeness he did wear,  
 And yet he's dead. Should there not come some  
                   change  
 Over the dead ?—the subtle soul is gone,  
 And here's the gory gate I open'd for it.  
 Ay, roll, roll, roll, thou noisy watchman, roll—  
 Call up the world to witness this foul slaughter—  
 It is the voice that, when the earth first tasted  
 Her children's blood, called from the clouds to Cain—  
 Oh ! damned life, that art so soon set free,  
 Come, let me give thee wings.

*Enter ARIAS, with servants bearing torches.*

ARIAS.

Hold, madman, hold !  
 What butchery is here, Don Carlos ?

CARLOS.

Ay,

That is my name—men have not yet found out  
A curse to tack to't foul and dark enough.  
Bring lights around—see here, here is one murdered,  
Look where the slimy blood comes oozing out ;  
Just now it gushed out like an angry torrent,  
And bare the spirit on its crimson waves.  
I have done this,—ha ! ha ! ha !—how ye stare  
Look at my clotted sword, look at my face,  
Bear I not stabber writ upon my forehead ?

ABIAS.

Ring the alarm bell ! call the city guard up !

*(In the distance voices are heard, "Which way?  
Yonder in the cross street." Enter VASCO  
and SANCHE, supporting HYACINTH, singing  
and dancing, drunkenly ; the alarm bell  
rings—thunder and lightning.)*

CARLOS.

See where heav'n's torches glare with livid light,  
Flashing around the avenger's chariot wheels,  
That bound along the sky ! The world spins round—  
The solid earth sinks in with me—the thick  
And palpable air is full of fiery rings,  
That scorch mine eye-balls—O !—

*(He falls upon the body.)*

HYACINTH.

Let me go—let me go—I will see—oh !  
Vasco, oh—oh !—look here.

VASCO.

Come hence—ye mock this terrible sight with your  
drunken gaping. Sir, can I help you ?

ARIAS.

No, sir, I thank you ; for here comes the guard.  
 Raise both these bodies—one of them is cold,  
 In the other one life doth but play the truant—  
 It will return. There is some dismal riddle  
 Hid among these dark deeds, I cannot guess at ;  
 The hand of day must wind this tangled skein.  
 On to the Alcade's house.

*[Exeunt guard, bearing the bodies.]*

The sheeted lightnings

Stretch their blue wings, and whiz above the earth—  
 'Tis a fit hour for such a bloody tragedy,  
 And nature, with her children's stormy passions,  
 Hold fearful sympathy. Follow me.—Good night.  
 If you hereafter should be called on, sir,  
 To witness this foul business—

VASCO.

I shall be

My duty's slave, my lord ; but I must hope  
 To be spar'd such an office. Come, thou sleepy sack,  
 Thou'rt heavy drunk now. Come, I cannot carry thee.

*[Exeunt omnes severally.]*

---

SCENE VI. — A CHAMBER IN DON PEDRO'S  
 HOUSE. ESTRELLA DISCOVERED SITTING  
 BEFORE HER GLASS—THE NURSE AND  
 ISABEL ASSISTING TO DRESS HER.

---

ESTRELLA.

Come, hast thou done,—am I not perfect yet ?  
 'Tis well enough—'tis well enough. I cannot

Sit patiently and quiet any longer. Isabel,  
I know thou'rt longing to be hence—thy cousin,  
When does she wed?

ISABEL.

I think her father said

On Wednesday, madam.

ESTRELLA.

May her lot be happy, wench,  
As mine. Get thee a husband, Isabel—  
I fear thou'rt over-nice—hast thou no sweetheart?  
Come, thou shalt tell no falsehoods—hold thy tongue.  
Here, thou shalt take thy pretty cousin these  
For thy marriage present to her.

ISABEL.

Thank you, madam. O my dear lady, may your feet  
still tread on the sunny, smooth and evenest path of life  
—may love be immortal as he is sweet to you; and  
sorrow touch nothing that you have looked on. Good  
angels guard you as their sister, ever!

[*Exit* ISABEL.]

ESTRELLA.

O joy! O joy! O bright triumphant spirit  
That in my bosom dost a revel keep!  
Life, life and love, may one heart hold ye both,  
And yet not faint with the surpassing bliss.  
O that I were a bird to spread my wings  
And soar, and soar, and pour my ecstasy  
In a tumultuous stream of gushing song.  
O that I had a universe to fill  
With my exceeding happiness.



NURSE.

Keep it, keep it, girl, thy present stock  
Won't last thee till for ever.

ESTRELLA.

It is in vain : like the exulting sun,  
My light pursues thy wisdom's conquer'd shadows,  
And chases them from off my land of hope.  
See, thou false prophet—see where the bright morning  
Stands laughing on the threshold of the east—  
Where are the clouds thou saidst didst veil the dawn ?  
Look how the waters mirror back again  
The blushing curtains of Aurora's bed.  
O fresh and fragrant earth, and glorious skies  
All strewn with rosy clouds—sweet dewy breath  
Of earliest buds unfolded in the night—  
And thou—thou winged spirit of melody,  
Thou lark that mountest singing to the sun,  
Fair children of the gold-eyed morn, I hail ye !  
There dwells not one sad thought within my breast ;  
'Tis the broad noon-day there of light and love.  
The earth rebounds beneath my joyous feet :  
I am a spirit—a spirit of hope and joy !

NURSE.

I marvel that my lord has not returned.

ESTRELLA.

He has gone riding forth to meet my love,—  
My love, O brighter than the dawning day,  
And sweeter than the breath of evening violets,  
Glorious as victory, and fair as truth,  
Art thou, my love, my lord, my husband !

NURSE.

Hark !

ESTRELLA.

They cannot yet be here. O let me say it  
Again and yet again, to keep my heart  
From beating thus—as though he were at hand.  
They cannot yet be come—

NURSE.

Hark, hark ! I hear a noise at the gate, voices and  
steps of men—dost thou not hear ?

ESTRELLA.

'Tis they—'tis he ! they come—Carlos—O God !

*(She rushes to the door, and meets men  
bearing her brother's body—she shrieks  
and falls upon it.)*

END OF ACT III.

## A C T IV.

SCENE I.—THE OPEN SPACE BEFORE THE  
CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE—PEOPLE COMING  
OUT OF THE CATHEDRAL, AS FROM MASS.

*Enter CURIO, VALENTINE, and others.*

VALENTINE (*singing.*)

“O Filii et Filiae!” that’s a pleasant psalm, I like the  
tune on’t.

CURIO.

Peace, listen to these news. Well, sir, how then?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Don Carlos, sir, has confessed himself guilty of the  
deed; but holds unbroken silence on all else, as motives,  
provocations.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

The trial is to come on at two in the afternoon.

VALENTINE.

Why is the matter so hurried to a hearing?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Reasons are given as plenty as chestnuts; none may  
be the right, though.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Being a nobleman of so much note and importance in  
Seville, the presence of the King’s high counsellors  
is deemed a welcome addition in the trial to our city  
officers.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

'Tis rumoured that the King, who loves Don Carlos exceedingly, hath already questioned with his nearest counsellors to have the trial private.

VALENTINE.

Don Pedro's friends will scarce cry content to that.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

O no ; besides, the old Lord Gomez, whose son was killed in the streets of Saragossa much in the same fashion, presses the matter to a bloody issue, and seems to bear a sympathy to the deceased for the sake of his own murdered heir.

CURIO.

I know of one will not be sorry for this chance.

VALENTINE.

Don Arias ?

CURIO.

The same : you recollect the landing. If Don Carlos pay not now for riding over the black Duke's bastard—I am no Spaniard !

VALENTINE.

Poor Don Carlos ! he hath the prayers of many good hearts in Seville ! This is the history of last night's riddle. And by that same token where shall we meet to-night, gentlemen ?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

O at the Anchor again—'tis a good house, and near the council-room ; we can go thither after the trial, for if it be public I shall attend it.

OMNES.

And I ! and I ! and I !

CURIO.

O if all go, there will be no supper bespoken.

VALENTINE.

Come thou, and do that now.

CURIO.

We will—farewell, till to-night, gentlemen.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

*Enter HYACINTH, and SANCHE supporting him.*

HYACINTH.

What the foul fiend makest thou hanging on mine arm, varlet?

SANCHE.

Sir, I'm upholding you.

HYACINTH.

What! I am not drunk.

SANCHE.

Are you quite sure of that, sir? Let me see you stand.  
Lo! you, sir, indeed you cannot stand,—you are not sober yet.

HYACINTH.

If thou do come one inch nearer to me than thou art,  
I will show thee which of us can't stand. Peace, get  
thee behind me, here be ladies coming out of church.  
Wilt thou get thee from me?

SANCHE.

Sir, if you do make your bow in the prostrate form,  
it is no fault of mine.

*Enter from the Cathedral FLORILLA and ISABEL.*

FLORILLA.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! didst mark the lady Julia? for all  
the world I would not wear such a mantle.

ISABEL.

It did to hide her face; 'twas a sufficiently good mantle.

FLORILLA.

How, all prayer time, Donna Maria kept simpering at the Cavalier in the blue cloak.

ISABEL.

O! a scandal! it hindered me from holy thoughts.

FLORILLA.

So it put no ill ones into thy head——

ISABEL.

Nay, then should I have had an empty skull!

FLORILLA.

What's yonder, strutting up and down in the sun?

ISABEL.

The rainbow incarnate. Mercy! 'tis a man-peacock!

HYACINTH.

Sancho, do the fair ladies look at me?

SANCHO.

I think they be gazing at one of us, sir.

HYACINTH.

They're sweet-favour'd ladies, Sancho.

SANCHO.

O! sir, to my mind not half so goodly as Patience, the fat baker's daughter your honour liked before your honour grew a gentleman.

HYACINTH.

Faugh, tripe!

H

SANCHO.

There was a deal more of her than of these, sir;  
these two would not make a quarter of her.

HYACINTH.

Peace, dolt ! think'st thou women be like flesh of  
beeves and muttens priz'd by the pound.—I will accost  
them.

[*He bows, FLORILLA and ISABEL laugh.*

FLORILLA.

Do, I beseech thee !

ISABEL.

O that I dared !

FLORILLA.

No harm shall come of it, but infinite sport.

HYACINTH.

Most beauteous fair ones—happy, is the earth that  
carries you !—the sky that lights you !—the air you  
breathe ! and the life that dwells within you !

[*FLORILLA and ISABEL draw up and  
exeunt haughtily.*

SANCHO.

Most disdainful puppets ! very ill mannerly and  
dull !

HYACINTH.

O Sancho, these be ladies of great rank and quality—  
the first, the tall one, did throw me such a look ! Didst  
mark how her eye fell on my proportions ?

SANCHO.

Where, sir ?

HYACINTH.

I shall hear of these again, be sure. Lo ! Hyacinthus,  
thou'rt the very fondling of Venus—said I not so ?

*Enter ISABEL, laughing.*

ISABEL.

Save you, fair sir ! my mistress, sir, the lady your lordship did salute so sweetly but now, has bid me come back in all haste to you, sir—she is a noble maid of high estate, greatly woo'd for her beauty and wealth ; but, as your lordship may have noted, she was much taken with your courtesy, and bade me invite your honour to her house.

HYACINTH.

O my sweet Iris, tell thy Juno, Hyacinth shall be her slave, now and for ever, here and hereafter, in this and in all things !

ISABEL.

Our dwelling, sir, is the large house, close here by the cathedral.

HYACINTH.

I shall not fail to find it. And the hour ?

ISABEL.

Come at vespers ; my lady will be alone then, and I will be waiting to admit your lordship.

HYACINTH.

May freckles mar my skin if I come not at the very hour. Rest you fair, sweet maiden ! [*Exit ISABEL.*] Sancho, Sancho, am not I fortune's minion, thinkest thou, that such sweet and noble ladies do bear me affection ?

SANCHO.

Beshrew me, but I think they be neither more nor less than——



HYACINTH.

Sancho !

SANCHO.

Well, sir, you recollect what your mother said to you—it was the third article of her parting discourse; which had in it many and wise clauses—that you should never keep company with—

HYACINTH.

Sancho !

SANCHO.

No, sir, not with me, who am an honest man, but with ill women, sir.

HYACINTH.

Be dumb, and follow me. Hark thee, varlet, if thou be'st not more modest in thy bearing, and more sparing of thy moralities henceforth, I will provide me with another man.

SANCHO.

And let that other man be provided with another coat, sir; for I have now worn this the better half of Jacob's serving time; also touching my wages, sir—

HYACINTH.

Hark, thee, good Sancho, I am benign, and will forgive thee; love lies like a warm sop at my heart, comforting my spirit with an unbounded charity. I do forgive thee. Get home, Sancho, to our inn; get me an ounce of civet; I will be sweet as the rosy month of June; get me my scarlet cloak, that shall describe to her the ardour of my love; get me my blue hose, they shall bespeak the constancy of the same; put me a green

plume in my bonnet, Sancho, for, o'ertopping all, hope crowns my love, foretelling me success in my amorous campaign; and anon follow me to Vasco's; I must excuse myself from a supper at the Anchor, to which I was bid. Some say that Love and Fortune are blind; I cannot tell,—I do not think they be:—pshaw, 'tis only those on whom they never look, who say, for spite, that they have got no eyes.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

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SCENE II.—A ROOM IN DON PEDRO'S HOUSE.

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*Enter Physician and Nurse.*

NURSE.

Alas, sir! I am sorry for your pains, but you see 'tis in vain persuading with her—she drowns all counsel in a sea of tears.

PHYSICIAN.

I am most sorry for this calamity that hath fallen upon so good a lady. Well, well, Heav'n is wise, and knows its own purposes. Since she will not admit me, I will depart. Take this with you, worthy nurse; seek not to stop the current of her tears, for like swift waters round a based rock, they will in time wear off the edges of her grief; let her weep, therefore, *sans* interruption.

NURSE.

I have sent for my lady's confessor, sir, hoping she may take some comfort from his spiritual converse; and,

indeed, she always loved holy father Rodriquez as a very father, and was more ruled by his advice than anything in the world.

PHYSICIAN.

Peace be with you ! I hope she may both hearken to him and find remedy therein.

[*Exit Physician.*

*Enter Friar RODRIQUEZ.*

NURSE.

O holy father, welcome ; you're come an hour sooner than we thought to have needed you. Alack, alack ! and 'tis no longer for marrying, but burying. O my dear lord—my good young master, oh !

FRIAR.

Lament not for the dead. How is your lady ?

NURSE.

O, sir, in the very deepest pit of affliction ; I think she hath wept more tears than would serve to wash me, of all my sins, old as I am. Her cheeks, which this morning did show the brightest and fairest roses in the world, be pale, and drawn, and stained with briny showers, that have withered the pretty roses clean away ; she takes no heed to anything about her, nor speaks not save to cry out that she may be shown her brother's corpse ; but so strong is the passion of her grief, that I have feared to let her see it, lest her poor brain be entirely wrecked at the sight.

FRIAR.

Where is she ?

NURSE.

Within her chamber ; shall I tell her you are come ?

FRIAR.

No, by no means, I will go thither to her ;  
Let the body of her brother be convey'd,  
Such as it lies, somewhere at hand, to me,  
And if I find that 'twill be best to give her  
The sorrow of its sight.

NURSE.

Alack the day !

My brave young lord, my handsome, sweet young lord !

FRIAR.

Go in and cry thy fill, but weep not here,  
Lest that my heart, which I would hold in strength  
And firmness for thy lady's best support,  
Grow weak with fancying ere I see her sorrow.

NURSE.

Heav'n bless you, holy sir ! I cannot hold—  
I will go in.

[Exit Nurse.

FRIAR.

O Thou that doest nought  
But in great mercy to thy sinful children,  
If it please thee well, grant me to pour some patience  
Into this broken heart that thou hast wounded,  
And though thy steps be hid in the deep, yet teach me  
To trust thy wisdom which I cannot fathom,  
And give like trust unto this mourning creature !

[Exit.

## SCENE III.—ESTRELLA'S BED-ROOM.

(*She is lying on the ground.*)

ESTRELLA.

Bloody—cold—stiff—dead, gone, for ever gone !  
O Heaven ! O Heaven ! the only thing I had  
To love—that lov'd me, torn away from me !  
His eyes, dim lightless jellies ! his kind voice,  
A tongueless bell ! his upright gallant limbs,  
Carrion ! O God ! my brother ! my dear brother !  
Thou hear'st me not, else thou wert here beside me !  
Thou seest me not, thy child, thy darling—lonely !  
O earth ! thou unkind mother, that dost clasp  
Him, and not me, open thine arms for both ;  
O take me in, for I am utterly desolate !

(*She falls again upon the earth.*)

*Enter Friar RODRIQUEZ.*

RODRIQUEZ.

Arise, thou weeping soul, that to the dust  
Of sorrow art brought down, and hearken to me.

ESTRELLA.

O father ! he is gone, he's dead, he's dead !  
My brother, my twin life—that gentle soul  
That thou didst know was pure as Heav'n's own light !  
Father, give help, I drown in this deep grief !

RODRIQUEZ.

My child, have faith in Heaven !

ESTRELLA.

I have, I have,  
But oh ! but oh ! he cannot live again !  
Death, know'st thou what it is ? the sweet soul goes,  
Away, away, like to an uncag'd bird,  
Like prison'd air, like utter'd words it goes,  
And never comes again—O never, never !

RODRIQUEZ.

O peace, thou sad heart, peace !

ESTRELLA.

O never, never !  
Never again, in all life's thousand hours,  
And rolling years, and countless little minutes,  
Shall I behold him !—Day will follow day,  
And night succeed to night, but never more,  
By night or day, will he return to me.  
The seasons, in their walk around the earth,  
Will, turn by turn, go and come back again ;  
All things that have departed may return,  
But life returns not— he returns not ever !  
I cannot bear this load, it is too much !  
I *will* not bear it !

RODRIQUEZ.

Thou art mad with sorrow,  
And utterest evil in thy bitterness.

ESTRELLA.

Let me behold his body once again !  
The clay, the earth, that *was* him ; let me see it,  
Dear father, for an instant—but one instant !  
A look, a look, let me not yet have seen  
My very last of him !

RODRIQUEZ.

Poor soul !

Thy load is great ! Arise and hear me, maiden ;  
If thou wilt swear to me to curb this passion,  
To hold thy grief in with a stedfast courage,  
And bear in mind the hand that does chastise thee—

ESTRELLA.

I will, I will,—indeed, indeed, I will !

RODRIQUEZ.

Estrella, hold thy spirit to its vow.  
Heav'n grant what I attempt may have good issue ;  
Art thou prepared to look upon the corpse  
Of him thou lov'st ?

ESTRELLA.

I am.

RODRIQUEZ.

Then turn thee hither.

Give me thy hand.

ESTRELLA.

You see how firm I am ;

You see I strive, I wrestle with my grief,—  
I know 'tis the good God hath struck me thus,—  
I'm calm, you see, I'm very stedfast, father—  
I am resigned—I'm still—I am content.  
But I did love him so !

*(She falls upon the body.)*

*Enter Nurse.*

RODRIQUEZ.

What is the matter ?

NURSE.

O, sir, they say they must speak with my lady;—Don Gomez, the noble counsellor, and many gentlemen who be come from the court; they cannot be denied; 'tis pressing business, touching my dear lord's death.

RODRIGUEZ.

Admit them; it may force her from this frenzy,  
And for a moment stop her sorrow's course.  
Hold up thy head, Estrella, rouse thyself,  
Here be at hand some come to question with thee.

ESTRELLA.

What must I do? O I am drunk with weeping—  
I cannot stand, nor speak, nor hear, nor see them.

*(She falls into a chair.)*

*Enter Don GOMEZ and Attendants.*

GOMEZ.

Hail to this house of sorrow! noble lady,  
I come a messenger from the assembled council,  
Who are now met to try your most sad cause.

NURSE.

I do not think she hears him.

RODRIGUEZ.

Peace; she hears mayhap, but heeds not.  
Sir, go on; I will accept your message for the lady,  
And answer it as my best ability affords—go on.

GOMEZ.

In few, Don Carlos having openly  
Avow'd the bloody deed—

ESTRELLA—*(starting up.)*

What's that you say?

Say that again—I say, say that again.



GOMEZ.

Did you not know that this was done by him?

ESTRELLA.

Carlos!

GOMEZ.

Don Carlos is the murderer.

ESTRELLA.

Don Carlos is the murderer! You're old,  
Close on your coffin's brink, you would not lie;  
You're cloth'd in black, too,—death is your acquaint-  
ance—

You do not lie—go on—be not afraid!  
If my eye glazes, and the blood turn back,  
Nor pour its wonted tribute in my face;  
These be the weaknesses of mortal houses,  
Our souls are stronger built, mine totters not:  
Go on. And so Don Carlos slew my brother?

GOMEZ.

Madam, I fear you overstrain your strength.

ESTRELLA.

He did not say for which of all his benefits,  
His tender love, his firm and trusting faith,  
His sister's hand, and wide estates—he said not  
For which of these, my brother's death was guerdon.

GOMEZ.

He holds an unlock'd silence on the whole,  
Save that his hand cut short Don Pedro's life.

ESTRELLA.

I thank you, sir, and these good gentlemen,  
For coming hither; please you to return,  
And tell the honourable Council I

Will forthwith furnish me with such advice,  
How to proceed in this my extremity,  
As my more settled wits may tender me.

GOMEZ.

Heaven strengthen you, most honourable madam !  
Farewell !

[*Exeunt.*

RODRIQUEZ.

Now look to see this calm, unnatural  
Break up in one wild, furious storm of grief.

NURSE.

The fountains of her tears be sure run dry.

RODRIQUEZ.

I would she'd weep again. Madam—Estrella.

ESTRELLA.

My lord—ah ! holy father, is it thou ?

RODRIQUEZ.

How fares it, lady ?

ESTRELLA.

Passing strong, and well.

When the sap's in the bough, and the green leaves  
Shoot forth, and shake in the evening wind in spring,  
The lightning may burn up the sprouting tree,  
And blast its healthful life ; but look, good father,  
Didst ever mark a sapless, leafless witherling,  
That stands all shrivell'd in the bosky dells,  
Mocking the summer with its barrenness ?  
Think'st thou that blighted thing fears any storm,  
Or dreads the bolt that makes its forest brothers  
Writhe their green, trembling arms ?—Go to—'tis past.

Where is Petruchio? Poor old servant! this  
Will bring his life's brief story near its end.

NURSE.

Madam, I will go seek him. *[Exit Nurse.]*

ESTRELLA.

Holy father!

When all is done that I have yet to do,  
I shall this worthless poor mortality  
To the keeping of a cloister dedicate—  
That when this body is released from the earth,  
My soul may be far on its way towards heaven.  
Think of this for me;—there is something more—  
Wilt thou, dear father, in its couch of mould  
Lay this poor broken fragment of existence?  
Let me—no, no—I will not look again;  
You'll bury him beside my mother—and leave  
A narrow space—close—close to him for me.

*Enter Nurse, crying.*

O madam! O my lady!

RODRIGUEZ.

Hold thy peace!

Cram not ill news so fast into our ears.

ESTRELLA.

There's no ill news now in the world for me.

NURSE.

Passing through the offices to call Petruchio to your  
bidding, madam, I heard a wail, and coming to the  
place, found Livio standing by the poor old man, who  
on his chair sat as though listening to the news of my

master's death; but when that Livio had done speaking, he sat list'ning still—nor moved, nor spoke, nor wept, —for he was dead!

ESTRELLA.

O iron youth! that can such sorrow hold  
As mine, nor break one thread of thy strong woof!  
Whilst threadbare age upon its worn-out strings,  
Receiving but a touch, they straight give way!  
Father, as of my spiritual dwelling  
Thou hast the rule, so to this house of death  
Put thou some order. I am going now  
To the council-house.

NURSE.

The council-house, good madam?

ESTRELLA.

When I return, let this be ta'en away,  
And I will then right all uneven things  
That yet may lack it—ere I follow thee  
To the convent.

RODRIGUEZ.

Heav'n uphold you, my dear lady!

*[Exeunt severally.]*

## SCENE IV.—THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

DON GOMEZ, DON ARIAS, COUNT LOMARIA, *the Alcades and Magistrates of Seville*; also VASCO, CURIO, VALENTINE, and many others, DON CARLOS.

GOMEZ.

You all have heard this bloody story o'er,  
But to proceed in the accustom'd form—  
Don Arias, my good lord, we must beseech you,  
To speak to the matter you were witness to.

ARIAS.

My lord, returning from the Count Lomaria's  
Last night, or rather at first peep of day,  
In the cross street I came upon Don Carlos,  
Who with most furious gesture aim'd against  
Himself, did offer war with his own life.  
This I prevented—when lying on the ground,  
All soaked in blood, and gashed with running wounds,  
Don Pedro's lifeless body I beheld.  
Whereat, heaping amazement on amazement,  
Don Carlos cried, "I have done this," and o'er  
Repeating these wild words, fell down in a swoon.  
The alarm being given, and the guard at hand,  
I presently departed, leaving all things  
To day's clear eye and the wisdom of this court.  
I think there be one here, who passing by,  
Was also witness to the whole—he's yonder.

GOMEZ.

Sir, pray stand forth, if you can anything  
Add, or detract, from the evidence we've heard.

VASCO.

Nothing, my lord ; nothing, save that 'tis true :  
I heard those words ; would I had had no hearing,  
Or that infirmity to youth unknown,  
Had made the fine sense dull, that now, perforce,  
Makes me a witness 'gainst this honour'd gentleman.

*Enter an attendant, who whispers Don Gomez.*

GOMEZ.

'Tis very well : we shall obey his majesty.  
In all just dealing—let the gentleman enter.  
Don Carlos, here is come a messenger  
From the King's grace, commending to your use,  
The great abilities of the ablest man in Seville—  
Skill'd to unravel strongest knots of law,  
And wind ev'n justice to what point he would ;  
Who, by the King offer'd great gain and honour  
To plead your cause, hath for your own name's sake  
Come hither unfee'd to speak in your behalf.  
Admit him straight!

*Enter a Lawyer.*

CARLOS.

To him, as to the court, my answer's brief—  
I thank you, sir, for this your Christian courtesy  
To one most worthless of such generous dealing ;  
But deem too nobly of your eloquence,  
Which, as 'tis right persuasive, comes from the heart,

To clog it with so ill a cause as mine,  
Or think it could its conquering way pursue,  
Bowed by the weight of blood.  Sirs, I am guilty—  
You've heard the sum and substance of my plea  
In those three words.

LAWYER.

O noble sir, beseech you,  
Cast not your precious life away so suddenly.  
It is not wise, or well, believe me, sir—  
There have been straights as great as this you stand in,  
Where gaps have yet been found—escapes been made,  
As through the air, or underneath the earth;  
Yea, in the closest gripe of the grim law,  
Means to slip through have yet been sometimes found—  
Oh, let me speak !

CARLOS.

Ah, but that this were spared me !  
Look yonder ! see'st thou through the entrance porch,  
A woman coming towards us stedfastly ?  
Think'st thou a world of words as musical  
As brooks in summer, strong as the sunward flight  
Of eagle's wings—rich as the golden chains  
That from Apollo's lips take spirits captive,  
Could, in great Justice's scale outweigh one tear  
Of hers, or talk down that wan, silent grief  
That speaks in her bloodless cheek ?

*ESTRELLA enters, attended by two servants.*

GOMEZ.

The lady Estrella !

ESTRELLA.

Let not surprise o'ertake ye, that a woman,  
Alone, unfenc'd by any guard but sorrow,  
I come into the assembly of your wisdom.  
I know 'tis 'gainst the custom of my sex,  
Thus in the eye and gaze of men to stand,  
Unpropp'd, unscreen'd, and unprotected:  
But, in brief words I'll tell ye why this is,  
And why no woman's shame upon my cheek  
Does homage to your sovereignty of nature.  
I have no guardian—no protector—none—  
No father—mine died ere I grew a woman—  
I have forgotten him—I have no brother,  
For mine was murder'd yesternight in the street;—  
Therefore it is I stand alone before ye—  
Alone here, as alone in the wide world.

CARLOS.

O when did sorrow bribe the soul of pity,  
With such a voice!

GOMEZ.

Madam, we are intent,  
To do your most foul wrong a full requital.

ESTRELLA.

Nor let it move your wonder that I come  
Attired thus into this grave assembly,  
Mocking the solemn aspect of your council  
With these gay robes—it is my wedding-day!  
You start at that; in faith, my lords, 'tis true—  
It is my wedding-day—I am a bride;  
And the reason why my husband is not here  
Beside me, filling up the vacant place



Of father, brother, all the world in one,  
Is that he stands yonder—the breaker down  
Of the only stay on earth I had to lean on.

ARIAS.

O strange and horrible !

CARLOS.

'Tis true—'tis true :

O ye delay too long ; torture like this  
Is more than guilty caitiff ever bore,  
Groaning upon the wheel. Sentence me ! sentence me !  
I'm rack'd beyond the endurance of a man ;  
And if ye longer hold me in this anguish,  
Your scaffold will go bloodless, and the throngs  
Of my fellow-citizens lose the show of death,  
They be already come abroad to gape at.  
Your sentence, in the name of mercy, sirs !

(DON GOMEZ speaks with several of the Coun-  
sellors, and then rises.)

GOMEZ.

Don Carlos, Count of Mueyn and Valentar,  
In that you have confessed yourself the slayer  
Of your fellow-man, you are condemned to death ;  
Moreover, in that you have broken through  
The sov'reign proclamation of the King,  
Forbidding any to walk armed abroad,  
You're doubly doomed. My lords, break up the court.  
Your hour of death will be made known to you,  
In time to fit your soul to meet it bravely.

[*Exeunt GOMEZ, ARIAS, LOMARIA, Alcades, and  
Magistrates.*]

CARLOS (*to the Lawyer.*)

Sir, you may do me a most infinite good,

'Stead of the one your bounty proffered me,  
Now that all's over, and the doom pronounc'd—  
May I not speak one word to yonder lady?

LAWYER.

That, sir, at least I will entreat for you.

*(He crosses to ESTRELLA, who is going out.)*

Madam, this most unhappy gentleman,  
Whom now you should regard with some compassion,  
Since he is of the things that are no longer—  
Beseeches but to speak one word with you.

ESTRELLA.

Tell him to send his message by my brother ;  
Or keep it till to-night, when we're alone  
In our marriage chamber.

*[Exeunt ESTRELLA and Servants.]*

LAWYER.

Was it spoke in earnest?

Her eye did mock at her lip, as the words dropt from it.  
That is a brain that will not hold its seat—  
The flickering eye showed reason's lamp was dying.  
I will not bear her message. *(Goes back to CARLOS.)*

Sir, the lady

You see is gone, and will not hear your suit.

CARLOS.

Not yet, she is not gone yet, for I see  
Her gliding form fading away from me ;  
And her voice possesses still the list'ning air,  
Which will not lose its impress. Fare ye well !  
Sweet love, and bitter life ! since ye might not  
Together dwell, 'tis best to leave ye both,  
And not keep one having lost the other. Sir,

One more request—my last—pray you accept it :  
Commend me to his majesty the King,  
Tell him, in all devoted humble duty  
And truest love, I was his servant ever.  
Give him this paper ; but observe me well,  
Not till I'm dead. Will you do this ?

LAWYER.

I will.

CARLOS.

May heav'n requite you, sir : now to my dungeon.

*[Exit CARLOS guarded. Exeunt the rest severally.]*

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—A CHAMBER IN ANTONIO'SHOUSE.

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*Enter FLORILLA and ISABEL.*

ISABEL.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! I pr'ythee give me leave, there shall no play,—ha! ha! no acted play,—show better,—ha! ha! ha!

FLORILLA.

Nay now, but, coz—come, coz—come, Isabel; stint laughing, and let's to work.

ISABEL.

Pray Heaven I die not on't!—ha! ha! ha!

FLORILLA.

Beshrew thee, then! what, wench, hast lost thy wits?—marry coz, coz. Hang thee, vexatious minx! thou puttest me past my patience.

ISABEL.

I have not put thee far; ha! ha! is't not a jest? is not a jest a thing to laugh at?

FLORILLA.

Yea, but not this jest—lo you now, Isabel, we lose the time, he will be here, and nothing ready. My father will be coming, or Vasco, or —— and we shall lose the very prime of our sport, for thy laughing.

ISABEL.

Nay, that were a bad joke at best. Where be these diamonds?

FLOBILLA.

Here, in this casket: I pr'ythee put them in my hair for me—quick.

ISABEL.

Meantime, do thou tell me, what for thou hast indicted this same amorous clothes'-peg?

FLOBILLA.

Marry, first in the street, as thou saw'st his outward man did hit my fancy's humour, as showing him very fit—

ISABEL.

For a very mad jest—where shall I place this band?

FLOBILLA.

So, o'er the brow; 'twas so my mother wore it, they were her wedding diamonds, rest her soul!

ISABEL.

Amen!—and second, how? good preacher, finish thy points, though they were fifty.

FLOBILLA.

Why, I have since learned, that this same many-coloured fly, is the veriest braggadocio that ever flinched from a chaste woman's frown; fetch me yon mirror.

ISABEL.

Angels defend us! and where heard'st thou this?

FLOBILLA.

Pedrillo late last night was with them at the Anchor, where, as thou know'st, they drank the sun to his bed, and well nigh out of it again; among the guests was this same resistless wooer, who, as he saith, did utter such incredible tales of his amorous exploits, and did, in such wise, misprize and set at nought us luckless women, holding the conquests that he made by handfuls

as cheap as handfuls of dust, that Pedrillo swears he must have lov'd more ladies than would people all the seraglios of the East.

ISABEL.

Is he rich? he sure must be; for he hath no charm else to tempt the veriest wanton—he must be very rich.

FLORILLA.

Tut, dost thou believe all this; credit me, coz, if there be knaves of such a sort as this fellow would pass himself for, there be also fools that have enough iniquity in them to wish for a villanous renown which they have not the daring to achieve, and who think by boasting and big words to make good their claim to an infamous repute which they have not the boldness to merit in very deed—and such an one, or I am much deceived, is this. Among many others did he tell the tale of this same Segovian lady, to whom he said he was by contract bound. This is the fair forsaken thou must enact, and it shall go hard if between us we do not show this same all-conquering senor the mettle of our Seville ladies.

ISABEL.

Art thou not horribly afeard of being alone with one so badly reputed?

FLORILLA.

Afraid! I'll tell thee, Isabel, it is our weakness makes these boasters strong. Credit me, did we but know and feel our footing firm, making a high and resolute mind in us stand stead of outward and mere bodily vigour, there's not the boldest braggart of them all but should strike colours to the veriest maid that ever bore our sex's blushing standard on her cheek. But for this mannikin—did'st look in his face?

ISABEL.

I looked *for* his face, but indeed he was so monstrously bearded that he may have one or no for aught mine eyes can vouch.

FLORILLA.

Faugh ! a beard becomes a man as well as the want of it becomes a woman ; but to see such a villanous bush of hair on the skin of what hath the mincing gait and lisping syllables of a pampered wanton, begets a very disgusting indignation in me. But come, Isabel, unbind thy hair, I pr'ythee, so, upon thy shoulders—now put me on a look like the forsaken Dido—could'st thou not weep me a tear or two ?

ISABEL.

I'll use all endeavour.

FLORILLA.

Now spread thine arms abroad thus : weep, rant, rave, be disconsolate ; remember he hath deserted thee, and thou hast followed hither to claim him.

ISABEL.

O fear me not, I shall be perfect woe begone ! give me the mirror. “ Faithless and perjured have I found thee ! ” Florilla, methinks this disordered head-tire is something too becoming ; for, say he take me at my word, and marry me—what then ?

FLORILLA.

Marry, we will stop short ere the jest come to that ; and having well indulged our merriment at the expense of his confusion, turn him loose again. I hear voices. Now into that chamber, be still, and on thy hopes of a husband see thou laugh not ; the signal shall be these

words, "My whole estate I will bestow on thee," then rush thou in.

ISABEL.

I will not fail. "Traitor forsworn—base, base deceiver!"

FLORILLA.

Peace, wilt thou raise the city?

ISABEL.

I am rehearsing.

FLORILLA.

Now get thee gone—some one is coming.

ISABEL.

"Are these thy vows, seducer?"—May I not scratch thy face?

FLORILLA.

No, madcap.

ISABEL.

Nor pluck thee by the hair?

FLORILLA.

No, no! what, art thou moonstruck?

ISABEL.

It will not seem natural, an I leave no token on thee—beseech thee, let me beat thee.

FLORILLA.

Beshrew thee, no. Hark! here be footsteps.

ISABEL.

One little pinch or pull—I will not tear both thine eyes out. Is my hair rightly disposed?

FLORILLA.

'Tis desperately well—and I, look I the fair majestic countess to the life?



ISABEL.

Fair enough for a duchess, coz ; but for majesty—  
good lack ! thou lack'st three inches of it by this light.

*[Exit into chamber.]*

*Enter* PEDRILLO.

PEDRILLO.

Your guest is come.

FLORILLA.

Is Perez ready ?

PEDRILLO.

So please you, he waits in the private passage.

FLORILLA.

Good : remember your parts—few words, save oaths,  
and much show of anger ; and see you lack not these  
same cudgels I spoke of. Get thee into thy hiding-  
place, and let Nicolo and Vincentio usher in the stranger.  
(*Exit* PEDRILLO.) Now then to take my state.

ISABEL (*thrusting her head out of the door.*)

Doth not thy heart beat ?

FLORILLA.

Not with fear—peace !

(*ISABEL withdraws. Enter* HYACINTH, *ushered  
in by two serving men.*)

HYACINTH.

Most fair and unutterable lady ! may it please your  
loveliness for awhile to banish from your exquisite pre-  
sence these menials ; for, indeed, my love is of a qua-  
lity that brooks little ceremony, and flies but lamely in  
a full company.

FLORILLA.

You may withdraw. [*Exeunt Servants.*] So, being gone, sir, you may let loose the torrent of your eloquence; but, of one thing I forwarn you, you must not be too passionate with me; for, indeed, I am but young, and unapt at replying to very importunate wooing—besides, so much of fear rises in a maiden's breast, even at your renowned name, that—

HYACINTH.

I'faith, sweet, I will be merciful: I will but press thee coldly at this first trial of thy strength, lest indeed, (for rumour will have it I am irresistible,) by too swift conquering, thy defeat lose something of its dearness.

FLORILLA.

O, I am much bound to you. Pray you sit by me, and tell me.

HYACINTH.

Nay, not so; we do know our place, fair lady—slaves sit not in the presence of their masters, vassals take not ease before their lords, nor subjects before their sovereigns; sit thou rather, and hearken while I swear to thee, that I will dote upon thee as long as the sun doth sit in the sky.

FLORILLA.

By the clock twelve hours.

HYACINTH.

Nay, then, as long as all created things shall hold their existence will I love thee. I would not have thee doubt me now, sweet lady; nor would I, that thou mayest believe, have thee inquire how often I have sworn such vows: but, be content, I have forgotten

others ; but thou art indeed as far above all whom I ever loved, as my love was above their merit ; but, I pray thee, fix me some time when I may break this generous armistice. I grant thy maiden scruples, and by the ardour of my suit, frame an excuse for thy capitulation.

FLORILLA.

First, sir, let me entreat you, answer me this, What usage might your wife look for from you ?

HYACINTH.

I will love thee, by this light, three calendar months, cherish thee the other nine of the first twelve, and maintain thee all my life. Thou see'st I'm sincere, and therein kind.

FLORILLA.

Indeed, most kind ! And how would you require that your wife govern herself to pleasure you ?

HYACINTH.

O she, doubtless, would be submissive ; for, doating on me, as 'tis like she would, obedience would seem easy duty to her. Moreover, she would be chaste ; for, having me to husband, the world could afford her no temptation such as she was already possessed of ; thus of her submission and chastity I hold myself assured.

FLORILLA.

Truly I think you have good cause.

HYACINTH.

Though there is one thing of which I must forewarn thee. Art thou jealous now ? or of an even and a trusting endurance ?

FLORILLA.

Verily, having never yet been much moved to love, I

could but hardly say whether love would move me to trust or doubting.

HYACINTH.

O thou wilt be horribly jealous of me ; I do spy it in the curl of thy lip, and in the eagerness of eye with which thou dost survey me.

FLORILLA.

Who, I ! (*aside.*) 'This is the most intolerable coxcomb that one shall wish to be pestered withal ! (*aloud.*) I think, senor, as you say ; loving, as it is doubtless I shall love you, some alloy of jealousy may indeed mix with the virgin ore of my affection.

HYACINTH.

Nay, there is not much in that, sweet ; and so thou bearest thy malady meekly, and lookest me quietly broken-hearted, goest clad in a yellow robe, and pale cheeks, so thou limit thy jealousy within a "Nay, now, my sweet lord," sighed forth when I do lie at some lady's foot, or three tears big enough to be seen rolling, and heard falling, when I kiss her before dancing,—good—it is well, and indeed I allow thy heart this vent. But come not nigh me in the stormy jealous, the sullen jealous, or the whining jealous moods,—for I am a perfect tiger being roused ; and moreover it is incredible to what a point silence in suffering beseemeth a wise woman, and a wife.

FLORILLA.

I do think indeed an I am ever jealous of you, you will not hear me say so much—but, senor, you still stand, let me beseech you—

HYACINTH.

Sweet, take no heed ; I—I—, truly it is a more manly exercise to stand than to sit ; sitting being essentially the posture of hens—were it not, indeed, that—I would kneel, and swear to thee.

FLORILLA.

O sweet, sweet sir, kneel, kneel ! I never did have a man kneel before me in my life ! I do entreat you, worship.

HYACINTH.

That I worship thee with my soul of souls, sweet lady and most ineffable, is true, and not to be doubted ; but that I can bend my outward man in token of the same, I doubt, in respect that—my hose—

FLORILLA.

I will be satisfied with the very shadow of a genuflexion ; do but so much as approach the earth within an inch with your knee, and, as I am a maid, come what come will ; my whole estate I will bestow on thee, and—

[HYACINTH *falls on his knees.*

*Enter ISABEL from the inner room.*

ISABEL.

Where have I been ! whence come I ! where am I ! whither go I ! what voice was that ! what sound is in mine ears !

HYACINTH.

Is she mad ? is she mad ? is she mad ?

FLORILLA.

Stand up, pray you pull not my farthingale so un-

kindly; hang not about me thus: stand up upon your legs, I say!

HYACINTH.

I can't, I can't—my hose are crack'd—O my hose—my beautiful—my beloved hose!

ISABEL.

Hark!—he calls me his beautiful—his beloved—'twas thus he ever spoke to me.

HYACINTH.

I am afeard of her! I cannot abide anything mad! I did once run away from a mad dog. Pray you let her not come near me.

ISABEL.

Ha! I hear! I know! I see 'tis thou! base, base deluder!

HYACINTH.

Beseech you let her not scratch my eyes out.

FLORILLA.

What means this violence? Who and what are you, madam?

ISABEL.

A forlorn, forsaken, deluded, deserted, deceived, and desolate maid.

FLORILLA.

Who has thus wrong'd you?

ISABEL.

He, he who now brings his stale oaths to you. Hyacinth! my love! my lord!

FLORILLA.

Thy love! thy lord!

HYACINTH.

Believe her not, sweet, believe her not ;—'tis an illusion—'tis madness—she has been wronged by some fair youth like me, and raves distractedly. Begone, beautiful maniac, I know thee not !

ISABEL.

Not know me !—me, Amadalinda, the pride of Spain, the flower of Segovia, till thou, with 'thy false vows, didst wither me—dost thou not know me ?

FLORILLA.

Dost thou know her ?

HYACINTH.

No, as I am a gentleman !

ISABEL.

Hast thou forgotten all thy vows of love ?

FLORILLA.

What, didst thou utter vows of love ?

HYACINTH.

No, as I am a man.

ISABEL.

Dar'st thou deny the contract sealed to me to be my husband ?

FLORILLA.

Dar'st thou woo me, having a contract sealed to be her husband ?

HYACINTH.

No ! no ! no ! as I am a christian ! I know her not, I made no vow—I sealed no contract.—(*aside.*) O Lord, O Lord ! 'tis the devil, who hearing my lies, hath embodied one of them.

ISABEL.

Nay then, traitor! there be those at hand shall right me: and since the voice of love hath no power to entreat, the swords of my kinsmen shall force you to do me justice—what ho! my noble champions there! come forth!

*Enter two serving men in disguise.*

ISABEL.

Lay on the villain there!

HYACINTH.

St. Nicholas! St. Jerome! St. Vincent! and all the saints!

FLORILLA.

Within there! Pietro! Vincentio!

*Enter two Servants.*

This to me! Let go my robe, villain! cling not about my feet!

ISABEL.

Now I charge you, fall too and spare not!

HYACINTH.

Gentlemen, gentlemen, sticks! sticks! they cure and kill not: no weapons—I'll take a cudgelling in all kindness,—pray do not murder me.

FLORILLA.

Coward! do as I bid you.

HYACINTH.

Help! murder! ave-maria! murder! murder! pater-noster! rape arson, robbery, murder, murder! murder!



*Enter* VASCO.

HYACINTH.

Yet another,—I'm dead !     *(He falls on the floor.)*

VASCO.

What uproar's here? who be these men? Florilla !  
Isabel ! what thing is this?

FLORILLA.

A lover of mine, who hath just tendered me this  
bribe.

VASCO.

Yea, thou silken trumpery, didst thou dare—

HYACINTH.

Stop—stop—make not a hole in my doublet—let not  
cold iron go through that !

*Enter* ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

What mummery is this? Vasco, hold—daughter, and  
mistress Isabel, I pray you let these confusions cease.  
Fie, fie, for shame, for shame—get you to your buttery  
and offices, knaves. [*Exeunt servants.*] Have ye not  
heard the news?

HYACINTH—*(creeping out.)*

Bless thee, old newsmonger.

ANTONIO.

Don Carlos is condemned for the slaughter of Count  
Pedro, and this very day at sunset is the doom : the town  
is still and silent as a vault, and of the few that wander  
through the streets not one but wears some token of  
mourning, but most in his countenance. All this doth  
pass, while your mad fancies here keep such a glare of

noise and merriment that the dark atmosphere that lowers without has not come nigh you. Go to your chamber, daughter, and let me entreat you both to put yourselves into such sable attire as you have at hand. Vasco, come with me. *[Exeunt VASCO and ANTONIO.]*

FLORILLA.

My heart stands still, Isabel—speak—speak!

ISABEL.

O my sweet lady!

*[Exeunt.]*

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SCENE II.—A STREET IN SEVILLE.

VALENTINE *and* CURIO *meeting.*

CURIO.

Whither away so fast?

VALENTINE.

To the execution.

CURIO.

The execution! soft, pray take me with you.

VALENTINE.

Well, come along.

CURIO.

No, no, in thy meaning, I mean; murder, and trial, and execution, all in a day—'tis something quick.

VALENTINE.

The King, it seems, had ordered that the sentence should be pronounced, but not the hour of doom, hoping, no doubt, out of this loophole to work some escape for Don Carlos.

CURIO.

Well?

VALENTINE.

But the council did not disperse when the court broke up, but still remained advising, and Lord Gomez, the old childless lord, you know, together with Don Arias, it seems, spake so strongly for the execution, that it was universally decreed at sunset.

CURIO.

What said the King to this?

VALENTINE.

Unable to undo the strong resolve of the council, he fell into a passion of sorrow and indignation; chid the old lord from his presence like a storm, and banished his bastard cousin to his castle in the Nevada. The court leaves Seville to-morrow.

CURIO.

They're come for all the world like a thunder-cloud over us. Would they had never come! I know not why, but I think they are the cause of all this.

VALENTINE.

How so?

CURIO.

Heaven knows—I fancy it. How bore Don Carlos the warning of his death?

VALENTINE.

Exceeding well. At first the natural fear of dissolution which all flesh inherits made the colour run from his cheeks and lips, but presently he seemed to embrace his fate with a constant spirit, and commending himself to the King's gracious remembrance, sent for his confessor.

CURIO.

O Valentine, he should have died in battle: the Moors,

and not an executioner, should have been the ending of that gallant heart.

VALENTINE.

Come, I must go. Will you go with me ?

CURIO.

Ay, to the saddest sight I think I ere shall look on.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III.—A PRISON.

CARLOS and *Father RODRIQUEZ discovered.*

RODRIQUEZ.

O let not, my dear son, thy thoughts return,  
With this declining sunbeam, towards the earth,  
But with a spirit strong and confident  
Fix them alone in heav'n.

CARLOS.

Good holy father,

I strive in vain : my thoughts awhile upborne  
Upon the heavenward wings of thy devotion,  
Anchor beyond the dark abysm of death ;  
But soon a thousand fleshly monitors  
Beckon them back with weak and earthly promptings.  
Thou say'st 'tis blest to die in penitence,  
And yet I feel 'tis sad to die in youth.  
Ere life has had its share death claims the whole—  
Ere toil of war and manly enterprise  
Have worn these sinews weary they must rest,  
Rest in the dust. I bring not to the grave  
Age and disease, a living carrion,

But healthful limbs, upon whose lusty strength  
The loathsome worm before his time must banquet,  
The blood within my veins is not bak'd up  
With sullen spleen or frozen o'er with eld,  
It flows a strong, warm, rapid, living tide,  
And I must pour it out upon a scaffold.  
A scaffold ! there's the sting : father, my fathers  
Were born of kings, lived all like noblemen,  
And died like warriors. I'm a felon, father !  
A midnight murderer ! a drunken stabber !  
And I must answer this upon the block :  
O bitter fortune—bitter fate !

RODRIQUEZ.

My son,  
'Tis bitter, but 'tis given thee to drink.  
O turn thine eyes unto a brighter scene.

CARLOS.

Whither ? to that sad home, where she—my love—  
My wife, sits weeping o'er her brother's corse !  
Father, what had she done, how had she sinn'd,  
That Heaven thus visits her ? For me, I know  
My life's bought with a price, a bargain struck  
Fairly 'twixt guilt and death ; but she was holy  
As saints that sin not ! O why is she doom'd  
To misery, by whose side death seems to smile ?

RODRIQUEZ.

Question not thou th' invisible doom of fate,  
Nor let thy thought presumptuous seek to pierce  
The mystery of Heaven's high dispensations.  
She will be cared for by a care beyond  
Earth's closest love—she will be strengthened

To bear the burthen that is laid upon her.  
Howe'er bereaved, she is not forsaken,  
And o'er her desolate and forlorn state  
The Father of the fatherless and widow  
Will stretch his wing,—trust me, she will be car'd for.

CARLOS.

This is our wedding-day. See, the sun sinks.  
At this same hour yestreen I told my soul,  
“ To-morrow, as the sun goes down, thy bride  
Will cross thy father's threshold ;” lying hope,  
That sat'st in the sinking sunbeam yesterday,  
Where art thou ? O where art thou ?

RODRIQUEZ.

Gracious Heaven !

Look with thy mercy on this sinful man,  
That clings to the earth whence thou hast summon'd him,  
And with his arms still hugging to the last,  
The life thou claim'st, falls headlong in his grave.  
Thy love will die and be a saint in heaven,  
When Heaven hath done its will with her on earth.  
Fie, fie, this grief's unmanly—'tis not holy.

CARLOS.

Art thou a man, that thus upbraid'st my woe ?  
Have I not grief enough, but thou must cast  
Thy heavy censure on me ? sinking me  
Yet deeper in this drowning sea of sorrow ?  
Do I not bleed enough ? lack I yet more—  
Thy cutting, keen reproach, to wound and pierce me ?

RODRIQUEZ.

So help me Heaven, as such unchristian purpose  
Was farthest from my soul ! Behold, my son,

Although I strive to check thy fruitless tears,  
Look how my own come swelling o'er their bounds,  
To bear me witness 'gainst such accusation.

CARLOS.

Forgive me ! O forgive me, holy man !  
My grief like frantic fever loathes its cure—  
But O, thou dost not know!—

RODRIQUEZ.

I do ! I do !

And my old wither'd heart weeps blood for thee ;  
These be strange dealings of great Providence,  
And my bewilder'd spirit halts amazed,  
And wonderingly asks why these things are !  
But O, such thoughts are evil—let us hope,  
And pray, my son—pray fervently, that death  
May be to thee not curst, but blest indeed !  
A moment's pang for an eternal bliss !  
A moment's darkness for immortal light !  
A moment's poverty for boundless wealth !  
Earth, earth for heaven ! a dungeon for a throne !

(*Noise without.*)

CARLOS.

Hark ! they are come.

RODRIQUEZ.

Be of good courage, Carlos.

*Enter Jailor.*

JAILOR.

Sir, it is sunset, and the guard's at hand.

CARLOS.

Farewell, my prison walls, last things of earth

That I shall see—fetters that yet I grasp  
And feel, farewell ! Existences that still  
Discourse unto my senses, fare ye well !  
'Tis past. Give me thy hand, father ; be near me  
Until the last.

RODRIGUEZ.

I will, my dear, dear son.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.—A CHAMBER IN ESTRELLA'S HOUSE.

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*Enter ESTRELLA.*

ESTRELLA.

So, so—alone !—they have not followed me.  
The day grows dim, but yet I know 'tis morning.  
We've not been married yet—an hour ere noon  
Will be the wedding. Look I not brave, think ye ?—  
Shall I not be a handsome bride ? You're there,  
Brother ;—why do you wear that bloody cloak ?  
You're pale, you're pale—ah ! I'd forgot—he's dead ;  
But he will give the bride away. Again—  
They're come again. I'll hide myself—down—down—  
Here i' the ground !

*Enter Nurse and Gentlewoman.*

NURSE.

Sweet virgin ! on the earth.



GENTLEWOMAN.

Let's take her back to her chamber.

ESTRELLA.

Take her! is't me ye'll take against my will?  
I am not mad, minion: d'ye hear, I'm not:  
I want no keepers, good ye mistress Lynx!  
They watch me! they watch me! but I'll cozen them.  
Faith, 'tis hot—I'm weary—I would sleep,—  
Faint, faint,—good night, sweet jailors, I will sleep.

NURSE.

For the first time this day she's still. Mercy on us,  
here be events! here be befallings! The young tree is  
cut down, blossom and all, and the old bark's left to  
rot standing. Hark! 'tis the bell tolling for the exe-  
cution. O what a tide of folks is pouring towards the  
place! I'd fain step and hear what's saying. Juana, sit  
thou by her while she sleeps—I'll be back anon.

*[Exit Nurse.]*

GENTLEWOMAN.

Poor lady, 'tis a troubled sleep, in sooth, and will not  
better her much. Who's there?

*(Enter LIVIO.)*

Softly, my lady sleeps.

LIVIO.

O Juana, if ever thou didst see brave sight, come  
to the balcony in the east front: the streets be full  
of gazers, and the procession will be passing even anon.

GENTLEWOMAN.

A brave sight!—a sad sight, and a solemn, I think.  
Why, Livio, I wonder at thee,—thou that hast seen

Don Carlos come hither, day after day, opening the gates to him in thine office. I think she sleeps soundly.

LIVIO.

Come, an' thou lov'st me, for a minute.

GENTLEWOMAN.

Well, I will come; I would fain see him once again, poor gentleman; he was a lovely young nobleman,—heaven save us all,—to come to such an end!

*[Exeunt LIVIO and Gentlewoman.]*

ESTRELLA.

They're gone away—there's none left to watch me.  
Marry, I was not wont to be so guarded.  
What bell is that? I shall be late at the church!  
Fie, the bride come too late! Sweet marriage bells,—  
They've a strange twang withal—they should be faster.  
Bind up my hair, give me my rosary.  
Ha! ha! thou look'st but ill i' thy bloody cloak,  
Pedro! Now, then, I'm ready, give thy hand—  
Cold, cold, clay cold, with lying i' the earth!  
So—so—now then to church to make me a wife.

*[Exit.]*

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SCENE THE LAST.—A STREET IN SEVILLE.

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*Enter ESTRELLA.*

ESTRELLA.

That's an ugly tune, and savours like a dirge.  
O me, I've the heart-ache, yet I know not why—

Methinks there's something I should weep about.

I am cold and weary—here I'll lay me down—

Hard pillow for a bride ;—good night, good nurse,

*(She lies down on the stones.)*

*[A solemn march is heard without ; Soldiers pass over the stage ; Citizens crowd in on all sides to see the procession.]*

FIRST CITIZEN.

What's here on the ground ?

SECOND CITIZEN.

A dead woman.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Dead ! fainting, mayhap—no, sleeping, faith.

ANTONIO.

Stand back ! All saints defend us, 'tis the Lady Estrella.

VASCO.

Alone, untended, in this disordered attire, thus i' the streets.

GERONIO.

Raise her gently—so—so.

ESTRELLA—*(waking.)*

Go to thy marriage-bed.

Maiden, good night.

*Enter, guarded, with Friar and Executioner, CARLOS.*

CARLOS.

Hold ! hold ! i' the name of heaven, hold ! Estrella !

VASCO.

Father, give her to him.

GERONIO.

How he looks at her,  
As though his eyes should never turn again !

ESTRELLA.

You're a strange man : why do you gaze at me ?  
I cannot bear your eyes, turn them away !  
You make me blush. Pray let me go.

CARLOS.

Estrella !

ESTRELLA.

Ha !

CARLOS.

Dear Estrella !

ESTRELLA.

Say't again ! again !  
Sweet, though I weep, I love it—say't again !

CARLOS.

My love ! my wife ! my wife !

ESTRELLA.

Nay, now you mock me.

I can laugh as well as cry. Ha ! ha ! Well, hear ye—  
I'll tell you the story of the gallant lover,  
Who stabb'd his lady's brother in the dark :  
Faith, that's a sad story—but he's damned, be sure,  
With the fiends in fire, for breaking his love's heart  
And murdering her brother.

CARLOS.

Horrible !

Another wreck upon this fated shore !  
Another curse fall'n on this evil day !  
Her reason's gone, the precious crystal's flaw'd,  
And can reflect no true and entire image.

GUARD.

Sir, the day wanes.

CARLOS.

I come. O for a pow'r  
Once more to bring the wandering spirit home !  
Could she but know me once—once look on me  
With knowledge and perception, though to blast me  
With the lightning of her hate ! Estrella !

GUARD.

Sir !

CARLOS.

Peace ! now she knows me ; look, the memory  
Breaks, ray by ray, like morning in her eyes.

ESTRELLA.

Pray do not leave me—pray you take me with you,  
For now my brother's dead—you know he's dead—  
They watch and prison me, and keep me close ;  
They will not let me walk abroad i' the day,  
Nor see the sun, nor breathe the sweet fresh air ;—  
They say I'm mad !

CARLOS.

O torture !

GUARD.

Sir, 'tis time.

ESTRELLA.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! how you grasp me.

GUARD.

Nay, move on.

CARLOS.

Stay, stay, a moment more ! one moment more !

Dark—dark—she knows me not—farewell ! farewell !  
Estrella ! O Estrella !

*(He is forced out, she remains in the hands of ANTONIO.)*

ESTRELLA.

That was Carlos !

I know the voice ! I know the blessed sound !  
Let go your hold ! Loosen your grasp, I say !  
I heard him—ah ! I see him. Carlos ! Carlos !  
*(She rushes out, followed by crowd and Citizens.)*

*Manent ISABEL and FLORILLA.*

ISABEL.

Florilla, I am faint ! I cannot stand !  
But get thee after them, and see the end.

FLORILLA.

I can see here. *(She mounts some steps.)*  
O heavens ! through the throng  
I see her white robe and her lifted arms—  
The crowd divides—she climbs the scaffold stairs—  
She stands beside him ! Ha ! that flash of light !  
The axe ! the axe !

*(A shriek is heard—FLORILLA descends the steps.)*

*Re-enter ANTONIO, GERONIO, VASCO, FRIAR  
RODRIGUEZ, Citizens, and Soldiers, bearing on a  
couch the body of CARLOS and that of ESTRELLA.)*

RODRIGUEZ.

The chord is snapp'd, life's music is departed—  
The fire is out—our Star of Seville's set.  
Part not those bodies that in death are join'd,  
For though he should not lie in hallowed ground,

I'll instantly unto the Lord Archbishop,  
And use what prayers may most avail with him,  
That these who should this morn have been united  
In holy wedlock, may this night be laid  
Together in their narrow marriage-bed.

THE END.

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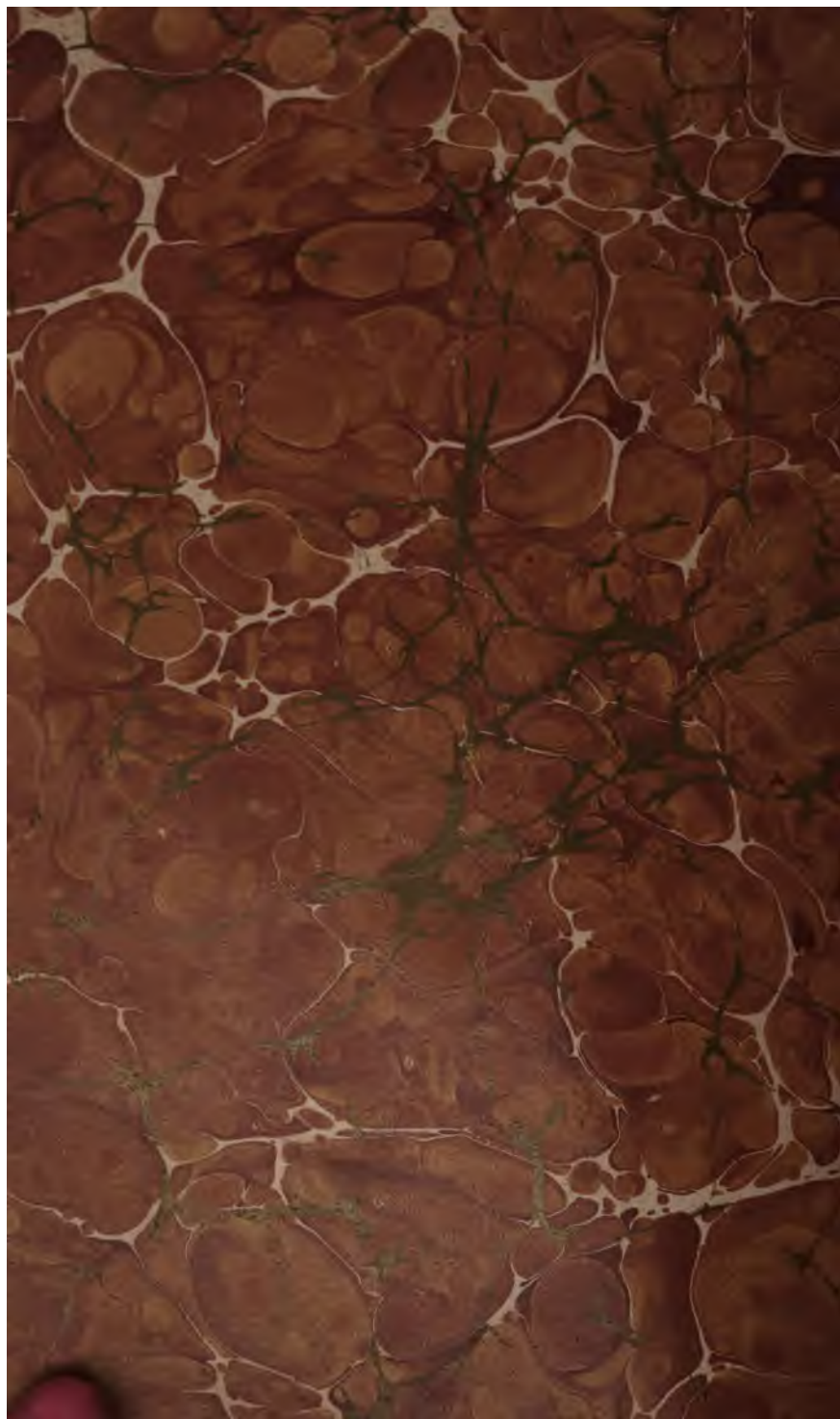


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